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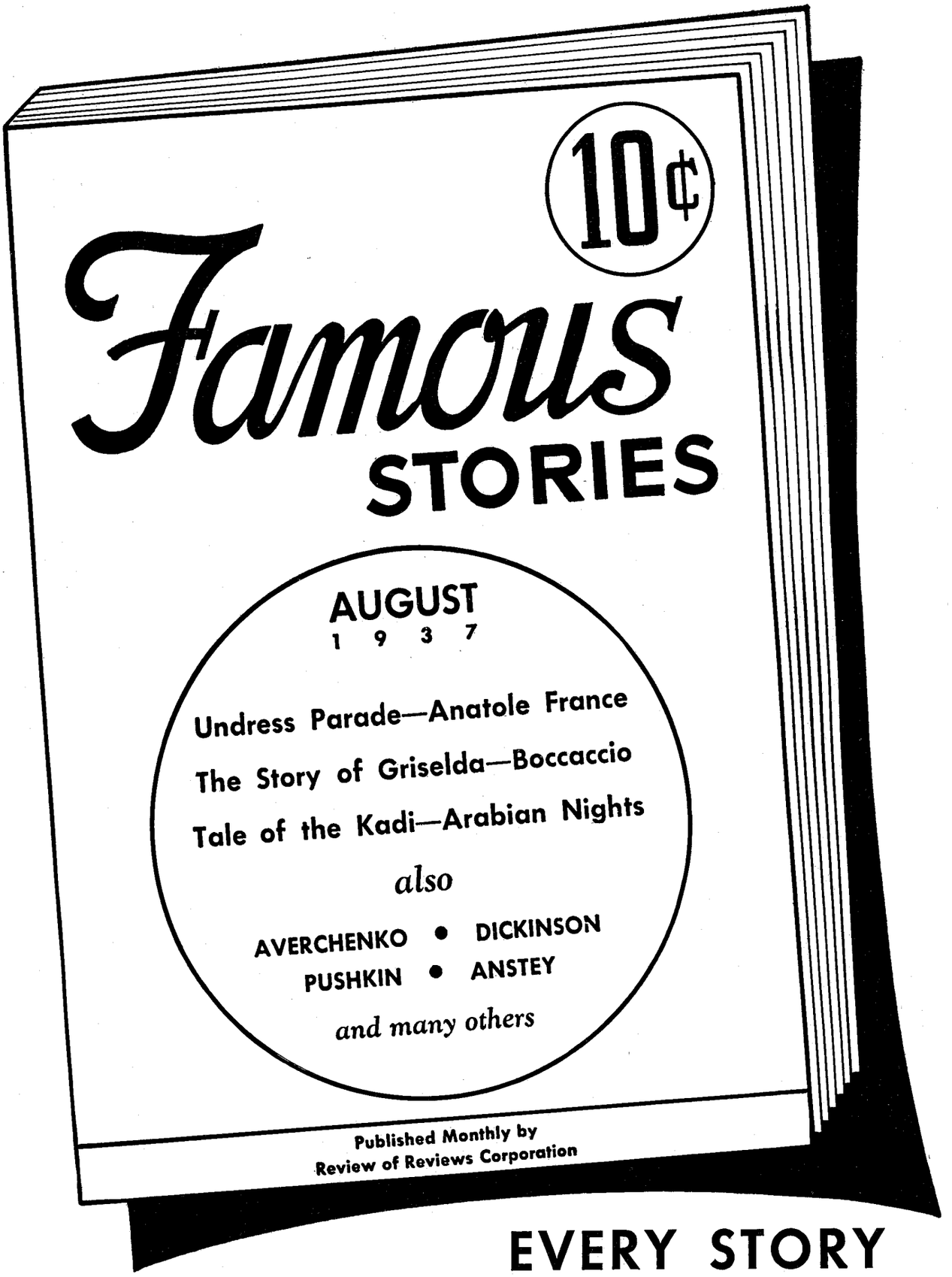

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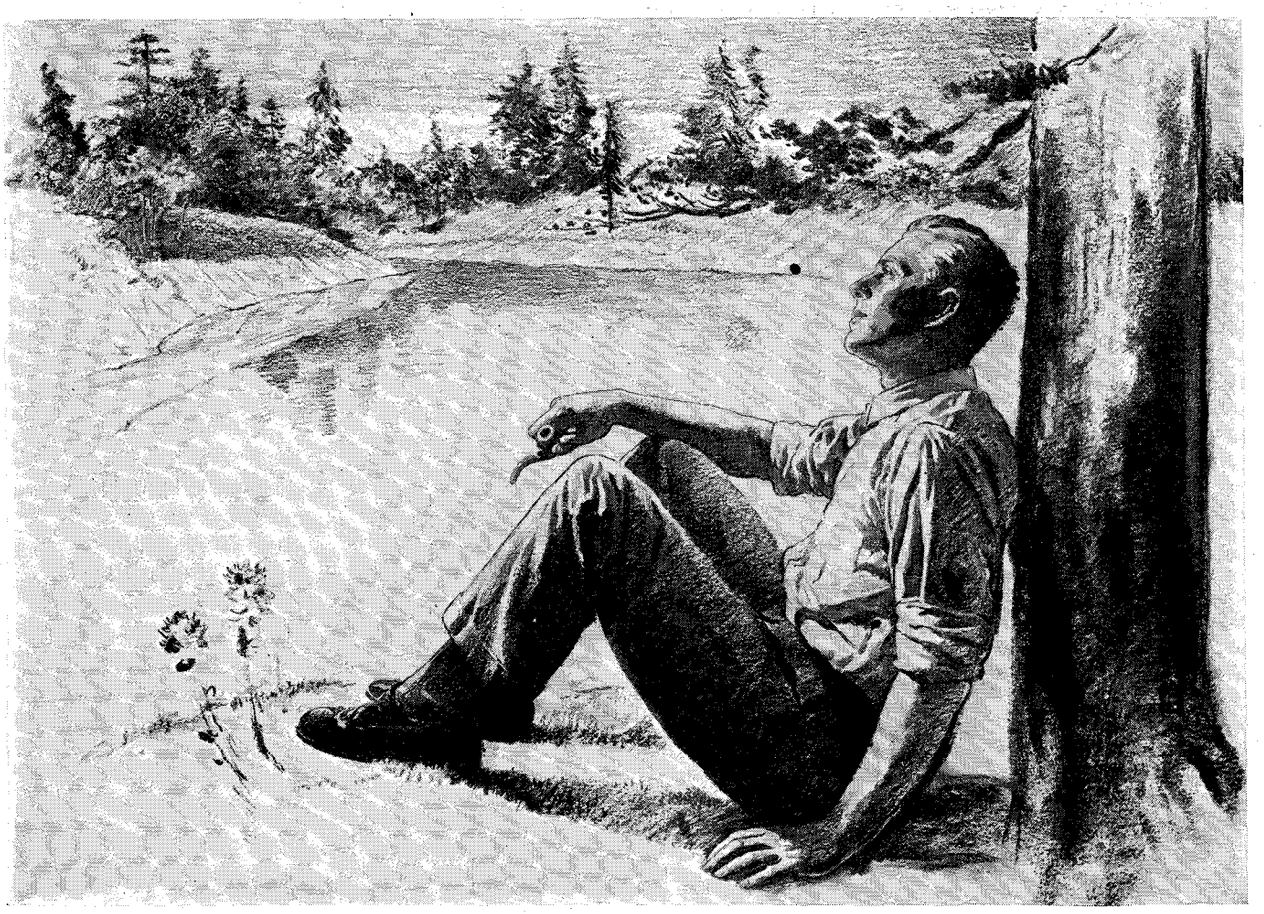

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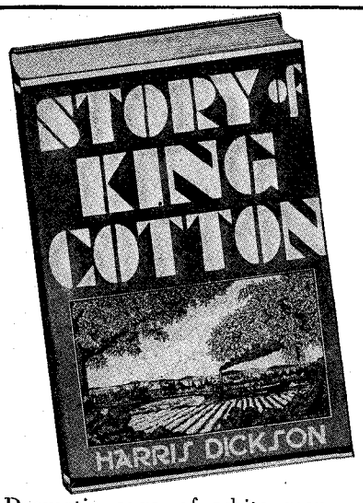

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The Digest

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ALBERT SHAW, EDITOR
Albert Shaw, Jr., Publisher

AUGUST 14, 1937

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Vol. 1 No. 5

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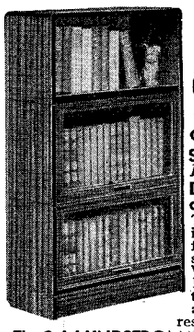

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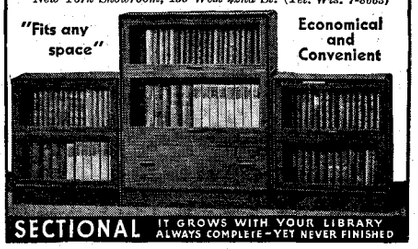

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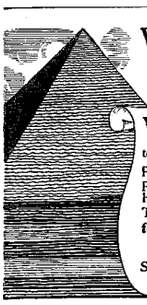

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THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Money Well Spent

San Angelo, Tex.—In a recent issue you published a short quotation from Senator Robinson. It is reasonable to suppose that Senator Robinson said something else besides your quotation; but you go on with a hair-raising collection of figures from the United States Treasury, implying, by omission, that $36,424,613,732 was borrowed and thrown to the wind like chaff.

You could in truth have said that $19,487,000,000 was inherited from the previous administration, leaving $16,935,000,000 to the present administration.

You could have said that this debt was created for the purpose of saving the financial structure of this nation. Millions, yes, billions of dollars were poured into the banking institutions of the nation so that the life savings of the poor people might be secure.

You could have said that millions and millions of dollars of this money was available to the railroads and the transportation system of the nation saved.

You could have said that more millions were loaned to the small home owner and the small farmer, so that their homes and farms might be preserved.

You could have said that more millions were provided for the flood sufferers of the Ohio Valley and the drought sufferers of the Middle West.

You could have said that millions of this enormous debt was spent in providing jobs for poverty stricken people.

You could have said that most of this enormous fund was loaned at a reasonable rate of interest, on good security, and is now being paid back.

You fail to mention that the deficit for 1937 is over 300 million dollars less than 1932, the year we were looking around the corner for prosperity.

You set up this array of figures and use the same degree of intelligence that a boar hog would. You just grunt at them.—*E. I. Jackson*

Ancient Spice

Great Falls, Mont.—In your issue of July 24, under "The Spice of Life," appears the following:

"The student's allowance had run out, so he wrote home for more money. Feeling a bit nervous about the impression it would make, he ended his letter:

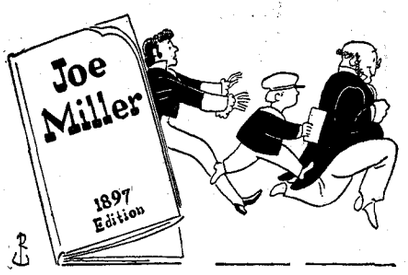
" 'P. S.—I did not like writing to you. In fact, I ran after the postman to get this letter back.'

"A week later he received the following reply: 'You will be glad to know I did not receive your letter.' "

I leave you to judge if that is not a story ruined by repetition. Reposing in my scrapbook for forty years is the following story:

" 'Dear Uncle: If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few pounds, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by a messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew.

" 'P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter



from him. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost.'

"The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

" 'My Dear Jack: Console yourself and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter. Your affectionate uncle.' "—*Dudley Crowther*

Liquidation Not Wanted

Montrose, Pa.—Being well acquainted with the activities of the six hundred odd Communist organizations and subsidiaries in the U. S. A., I was surprised at Aaron Fisherman's statement in your issue of July 24 that: "Communists do not interfere in American affairs."

But after reading over his attack on the exposé of the truth about Mr. Fisherman's (or should I say, Comrade Fisherman's?) spiritual home, I understood it better. Since Comrade Fisherman shows himself so totally unaware of the facts, I concluded he merely suffers from failure to take advantage of the excellent system of *free* and *uncensored* education provided by the American "capitalist" system.

Personally I dislike both Fascism and Communism, though I cannot entirely agree with his remarks about those who saved Germany and Italy from the Communists' International Empire. However, if, owing to the laxity of our constituted authorities, the American people are forced to choose between Communism and Fascism, I should choose the latter; for, being a bourgeois in the eyes of the Communist, I do not care to be "liquidated."—*Theodore D. Starr, Jr.*

As Seen by CCC

Haleyville, Alabama—I have read with great interest the article, *Pacifism Means Peace,* in which the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick sets up a wonderful ideal to end all wars. He visualizes a central administration which will deprive the nations of nothing but the right to make war.

In my opinion, *this ideal can never be realized!*

If this opinion were expressed by a recognized authority, it would be considered fearful, though realistic; but coming from an ordinary CCC boy, it will naturally carry no weight.

However, I presume that none will deny that to end war, we must first remove the causes. Greed, ambition, race hatred, prejudice, intolerance, distrust, and religious bigotry have been among the potent causes of war. These are human traits ineradicably embedded in human nature. To change them, we would have to change human nature. Can we do that?—*CCC Number CC4-110784*

Schools Please Note

Brooklyn, N. Y.—For the schools, "Pro and Con" and "Reading Around the World" are especially helpful. The objective and brief presentation of other material, and the many cartoons and other pictures, will make strong appeal to the interests of young people.

The best suggestion that I can make for holding the attention of student-readers is that you make every article clear in itself; it seems to me that this is necessary for adult readers as well. Although I read a great many newspapers and magazines I simply can not hold in mind all the facts concerning all events.

However, THE DIGEST needs no advice from me, for it is full of energy and originality, and will meet the needs of the schools.—*Frederick Houk Law*

True Believer

University of Southern California—Your statements concerning Islam, Christianity and Fascism show your innocence of knowledge concerning Islam.

I suggest that you study Islam for a couple of years, and then compare it with Fascism. Study well the Koran and you will find every Moslem to be both a Christian and a Jew. No Moslem could be such without believing in Christianity and Judaism.—*Mahmud Ghandour*

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The Digest

STORY OF A WEEK

BOOK NOTES: Representative Wright Patman, Texas Democrat, co-author of the law against price discrimination, is writing one of these self-help sellers like Dale Carnegie's. It will be entitled "How to Operate Honestly Under the Robinson-Patman Act."

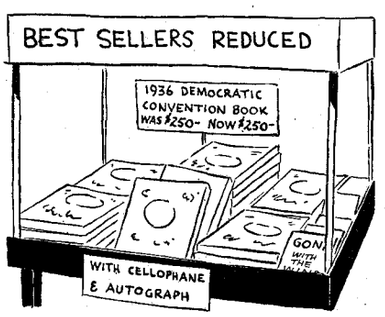
Representative Sol Bloom, New York Democrat, wants the Government to finance distribution of "The Story of the Constitution, by Sol Bloom, copyright by Sol Bloom," among all aliens granted citizenship papers.

Justice Samuel I. Rosenman of the New York Supreme Court is compiling the utterances of Franklin D. Roosevelt into five volumes, each with an introduction by the President.

The 1936 Democratic National Convention book, grossing $1,106,050 as of July, is running behind "Gone With the Wind." Demand for the novel is greater —1,383,000 copies have been marketed as compared to 2,500 copies of the convention book. Also the retailer's price for the novel is more attractive—$3, as compared to $250, including Mr. Roosevelt's autograph.

Mr. Farley's Literati

METHODS of retailing the Democratic convention book interest Representative Snell, Republican leader in the House, so deeply that he has demanded a Congressional investigation. Not that he plans to enter the book business; he simply thinks that the convention books were sold in violation of federal law and has asked Attorney General Cummings whether the Justice Department agrees. There are many corporations among the buyers, Mr. Snell points out, though the 1925 Corrupt Practices Act forbids them to contribute to national campaign funds. He casts doubt on the Democratic National Committee's letter telling prospects that "the sale of the book enables us to legally accept corporation checks." He wonders whether salesmen emphasized investments in Administration good-will.



Meanwhile, the sale of this particular book has been stopped. But last week the sale of another Democratic convention book—a bound stenographic report of the 1936 gathering—was started.

Pay and hours

"A FAIR DAY'S pay for fair day's work" has been the chief objective of President Roosevelt's New Deal. It was the main prop of the NRA, which the Supreme Court kicked over in 1935. It is the backbone idea of the Black-Connery wages and hours bill, submitted by the Administration in drastic form in May, modified and passed by the Senate, and shipped over to the House last week.

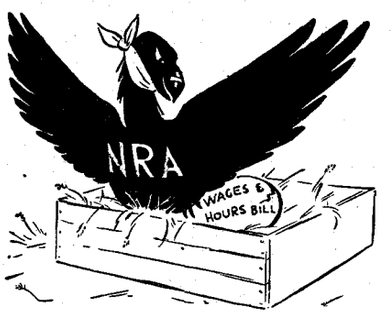
This Fair Labor Standards bill is a broadside at wage slavery, sweatshops, and child labor. It creates a five-man board with power to regulate wages and hours, industry by industry, but prohibits establishment of any maximum work-week of less than forty hours, or any minimum hourly wage of more than forty cents. It forbids interstate shipments of goods produced by children under 16. However, it specifically exempts from its provisions such classes of employees as agricultural workers, railway express workers, and apprentices. The board probably will make further exemptions.

The bill is a reincarnation of the Blue Eagle in spirit but not in detail. NRA's regulatory power was vested, not in a board, but in codes which industry imposed upon itself, and which the Supreme Court termed "an unconstitutional delegation of legislative power." The Blue Eagle soared into the stratosphere of price-fixing and fair-trade practices. This bill, concerned solely with better pay and shorter hours, is less adventurous.

The South objects

THE BITTEREST opponents of the wages and hours bill are Senators and Representatives from the South, where the average hourly pay for common labor is 34 cents as compared with 48 cents in the North. One tendency of the bill would be to raise the South's "cheap labor" to Northern standards and thus help to equalize Northern and Southern costs of production.

Which leads Senator Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina to ask: "If South Carolina living conditions are so kindly that



it takes only 50 cents a day to live reasonably and comfortably, and in New England it takes a dollar and a half, then must we raise the wages in the South to a dollar and a half?"

"The wildest dream that was ever presented to the American Congress," chimes in Senator George of Georgia.

Alben W. Barkley, Democratic leader from the border state of Kentucky, refused to join the nine southern Democrats who turned thumbs-down on the bill. "We must choose whether all the people can work three-fourths of the time," he observed, "or three-fourths of the people can work all the time and the other fourth never work at all."

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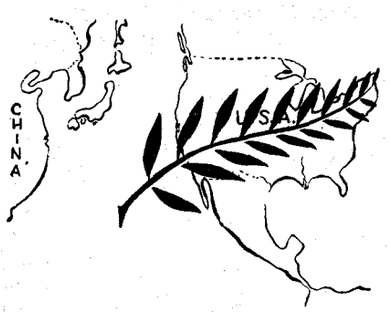
The pithiest adverse comment on the bill came last week from the coolly logical pen of Columnist Dorothy Thompson: "If the universal legislated forty-hour week and the universal legislated minimum wage of forty cents an hour will . . . automatically distribute more jobs at higher wages, increase demand, and thus increase prosperity, a minimum wage of fifty or eighty cents or a dollar an hour, with a working week of thirty hours, or twenty, or ten, will presumably create even more jobs and more purchasing power and more prosperity. So why be pikers? If a Labor Standards Board can make a little miracle by fiat, why not make a truly grandiose one, and give us the millennium immediately?"

Cash-and-carry law

IN NORTH CHINA, last week, Japanese troops sloshed along a muddy, shell-battered highway between ancient Peiping and Tientsin. Russia hovered on the sidelines with a wary eye on Japan. Germany watched Russia. France watched Germany Italy watched France.

Thunderheads of war. . . . In America, Main Street diplomats hooted at the President for not invoking the Neutrality Act. Merchants, jealous of their $250,000,000 export business with China and Japan, begged him to hold off.

Such pressure was nothing new to the Administration. It began two years ago when Congress, jittery over the possibility of war between Britain and Italy, yielded to a Senate pacifist bloc and rammed through the Neutrality Act of 1935. It forbade shipments of "arms, ammunition,



or implements of war" to any belligerent upon proclamation by the President that war existed; it gave the President discretionary authority to prohibit Americans from traveling on ships of belligerents "except at their own risk."

Six months later Italian legions were still scrambling through Ethiopian mountain passes; Mussolini was still daring Britain to knock the chip off his shoulder. The Act was extended for another year, and amended to forbid American loans and credits to nations at war.

Last January, with the Spanish tinderbox threatening to fire all Europe, Congress jammed through an emergency resolution enlarging the definition of "belligerent" to cover either side of a civil war.

In April a peace-minded Congress took another step toward insulating America against war. It gave the President additional powers: (1) to proclaim that exports of all kinds may be cleared from American ports only after American citizens have relinquished title to them; (2) to list certain commodities which American vessels are forbidden to transport. These are the famous "cash-and-carry" provisions, under which warring countries can buy American food only if they come and get it.

Cash-and-carry neutrality obviously favors the big-navy, big-shipping nations, like Japan. That was the President's chief reason for hesitating to issue a neutrality proclamation last week. Franklin Roosevelt had no stomach for waging an "economic war" against China.

Re Reorganization

CONGRESSIONAL eyes bulged last January when President Roosevelt handed Congress his plan to streamline the executive branch of the Government. He asked (1) six special assistants at $10,000 per year to act as contact men between the White House and the various departments, (2) two new cabinet offices to handle social welfare and public works, (3) a reshuffling and consolidation of boards and bureaus, (4) extension of civil service "upward, outward, and downward," (5) an "auditor general" to supplant the all-powerful Controller General.

A special committee under Louis Brownlow had taken ten months to draft this big blueprint for the President. House and Senate promptly appointed committees of their own to study it. But by last week this mountain of labor had produced a legislative mouse.

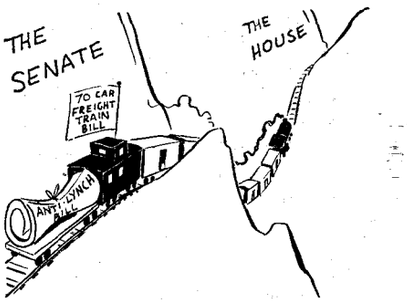
The Senate committee headed by James F. Byrnes, South Carolina Democrat, began public hearings on executive reorganization—merely to fulfill a promise made to the late Joe Robinson. On the other side of the Capitol, the House had done hardly more. After two hours of wisecracking, it had empowered the President to appoint the six suggested secretaries. The debate was studded with sarcasm.

With sly reference to the Roosevelt Supreme Court measures, Harold Knutson, Minnesota Republican, tried to amend the bill so that "no person appointed to any of these positions shall be over 70 years of age." Dewey Short, Missouri Republican, asked whether the President can "secure quicker and more accurate information from these satellites and sycophants, these theoretical, intellectual, professorial nincompoops who could not be elected dog catcher in any jurisdiction in the United States, than he could from the true leaders of his own party, the chairmen of congressional committees, and members of his own Cabinet."

Because "these six administrative assistants will be nothing more than flunkies or errand boys," he demanded that to two of the posts the President appoint his grandchildren "Sistie" and "Buzzie" Dall.

Copeland in the limelight

HAPPY TIDINGS sped from Manhattan to Washington last week to gladden the heart of Royal S. Copeland, versatile physician, columnist, anti-New Deal Senator from New York State, and Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York City. Representative Christopher D. Sullivan had been chosen leader of Tammany Hall—succeeding the late James J. Dooling—and had promptly plumped for Copeland for Mayor. Thus, under the renewed guidance of Al Smith, Tammany has gone definitely anti-Roosevelt. Senator Copeland's fight for the mayoralty nomination in the primary next month,



against Jeremiah Mahoney, will test the sentiment of New York Democrats on the New Deal. "I fully expect to be . . . the Mayor of New York," said Senator Copeland happily.

The chirrup to his spirits came just in time. The Senator had been saddened and distressed by his inability to saddle the anti-lynching bill as a rider on various other measures speeding through the Senate. Some state legislatures have restricted this rider-saddling practice, under which a bill relating to one subject is made an incongruous part of a bill relating to another; but it is still going strong in Congress.

So up in the Senate came the McCarran bill limiting the length of freight trains to seventy cars. And up on his toes came Senator Copeland, with his rider, to throw the weight of the federal government against lynching. The Senate is inured to irrelevant riders, but it nevertheless demurred at expressing opposition to lynching and overlong freight trains in the same breath.

Nothing daunted, Senator Copeland tried again. The Senate was about to take a stand against starvation wages and man-killing hours of work. Why not a simultaneous stand against lynching? asked the Senator who wants to be Mayor of New York City's 7,000,000 inhabitants, including the voting population of Negro Harlem. But again the Senate demurred.

"What's the use?" exclaimed Senator Copeland in despair. At last reports, he had made no effort to attach his anti-lynching bill to the revised measure re-

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forming the federal judiciary, or to the bill to plug up loopholes in the tax laws.

Lewis and 1940

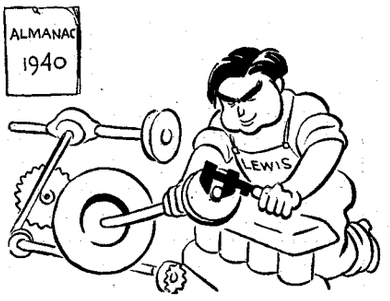
WHEN reporters question President Roosevelt about a third term he tells them to don a dunce cap and stand in the corner. John L. Lewis may soon be telling them too.

Since Lewis first sky-rocketed to prominence with his C.I.O. and a militant unionizing campaign, observers have accused him of White House ambitions. "He would like to be President of the United States," his biographer, Cecil Carnes, stated flatly last fall. In the midst of a whirlwind organizing campaign in the automobile, glass, steel, and textile industries, last May, John L. paused long enough to hedge: "I am not looking for a job. I am not looking for political office."

Last week Washington talked Lewis-and-1940 from a new angle. He may not want the presidency himself, it said, but he does insist on hand-picking Roosevelt's successor. For this he was said to be welding his C.I.O. into a gigantic political machine.

Mere Washington tea-time gossip, perhaps; but facts gave it substance. First, there were C.I.O.'s thirty national and international unions and 374 local industrial unions, with a membership of 3,174,000. Lewis believes this bloc can be a dominating influence in nine eastern, an important factor in seven western states in next year's by-elections.

Secondly, there was Labor's Non-Partisan League, a political organization which Lewis controls and which is credited with delivering Pennsylvania to the Democrats in 1936. League orators tramped the country last summer rallying labor behind Roosevelt. Lewis reminded the Administration of this during the January General Motors strike, adding that workers expect the Administration to help them "in every legal way." Politicians got a vivid picture of the Non-Partisan League in city poli-



tics last November when the American Labor Party, its New York City adjunct, polled 200,000 votes for Roosevelt.

A third fact is the type of union activity in which John L. has recently specialized. He has created two unions expressly to organize local and federal employees. Similarly he has established an agricultural workers' union to win support in the farm belt.

The C.I.O. donated $500,000 to the Democratic campaign fund last year. Wiseacres say Lewis is sorry, since he cannot show aggressive Administration support of his steel-strikes. That may be true. Last week *The Advance,* organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, whose president, Sidney Hillman, is a Lewis lieutenant, hinted that labor might shift its support from the President.

"That realignment of forces in 1940, of which we have been hearing so much, is closing in upon us," it observed. "It looks as if it was going to be 1937."

"We staked on the President in the last election, not on his party," added *The Advance.* "It is even truer to say: We staked on the President despite his party. Is President Roosevelt politically done for?"

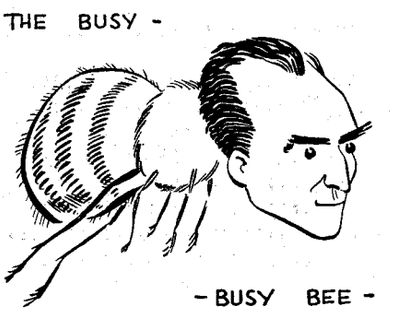
Murphy of Michigan

"INDUSTRIAL WARFARE belongs to the past," said Frank Murphy when he assumed office as Governor of Michigan on January 1, 1937; and he never was so wrong in his life. At that very moment, General Motors employees were staging their celebrated sit-down in Michigan plants. The great Chrysler sit-down was still to come. So was the sensational power-house strike which paralyzed the Saginaw Valley. So was the Lansing labor holiday and the "seizure" of the Michigan capital's business district. So were days and nights of arguments, demonstrations, and violence growing out of Michigan labor disputes. "An atmosphere of peace and reason and mutual respect" was Governor Murphy's prayer in his inaugural, but at that gentle utterance brusque Fate rudely thumbed her nose.

Yet, so doing, she made Governor Murphy nationally known. Living in an industrial storm-center for the past seven and a half months has meant living in the headlines also, and, in anybody's language, headlines spell publicity. Hence last week, when Governor Murphy returned home after week-ending on President Roosevelt's yacht *Potomac,* the whole nation buzzed with rumors over the reason for the visit. The Wagner Labor Relations Act was to be redrafted, and Murphy had been called in as consulting draughtsman. No, a new left-wing party was in the making, and Murphy would be one of the makers. Oh no, President Roosevelt was about to make an appointment to the United States Supreme Court, and the job would certainly go to Murphy.

Whatever happens to him now, this high-strung young Irishman has gone far from the unpainted one-room shack at Harbor Beach, Michigan, where, on April 13, 1893, he was born, the son of a country lawyer. Looking back at his career, he can see himself working his way through law school, entering a Detroit law office at $5 a week, teaching night school, enlisting as a World War volunteer, prosecuting war profiteers for the Federal Government, becoming judge of the Recorder's Court, then Mayor of Detroit, then Governor General of the Philippines, meanwhile acting as attorney for Father Coughlin, whose popularity was spreading like wind.

Intensity is the quality that has carried this busiest of busy bees along. "Airedale," his friends call him, perhaps with reference to his curly red hair and bushy pink eye-



brows, but he has the taut nerves of a highly bred toy terrier. Yet it is an inward intensity, shown by his drawn face and droll habit of losing his hat. Outwardly his patience is Job's. He has not much patience left for certain labor practices, however, though he recently vetoed a law which would have restricted some of them, notably mass picketing. On the sit-down, specifically, he is outspoken. "It is not necessary," he says. And "not right."

Self-reliance in Utah

MORMONS are as rugged as the Utah desert country where they built their church 90 years ago, as individualistic as their prophet, Joseph Smith, to whom the Angel Moroni appeared in 1823.

Self-reliance is a fundamental of this Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. In the spring of 1935, therefore, when a survey disclosed the shocking fact that 88,000 of the church's 750,000 members were on public relief rolls, Heber J. Grant, aged Mormon president, resolved to take action. Direct relief, or "something-for-nothing," it appeared, was undermining the celebrated Mormon self-reliance.

Orders went out to wards (local units of "stakes" or dioceses) to round up enough food and clothing to carry needy members through the winter. Self-supporting members agreed to forego two meals a month and to contribute the saving to the church relief fund. Huge storehouses presently dotted the far-flung domain of the Latter-Day Saints. Unemployed carpenters and bricklayers worked on Mormon chapels and seminaries, and received payment in groceries and overcoats. Members who had idle land donated its use to the church. Some 2500 acres were thus turned over to depression-stricken farmers. Between April and October, 1935, this coöperative made-work movement put 16,000 Mormons back on their feet. It was so successful that the church extended it to stakes in Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, and Czechoslovakia.

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As his security program hummed along last week, President Grant made it clear that he was thinking in terms of permanent rehabilitation of long-idle Mormons, not merely temporary relief.

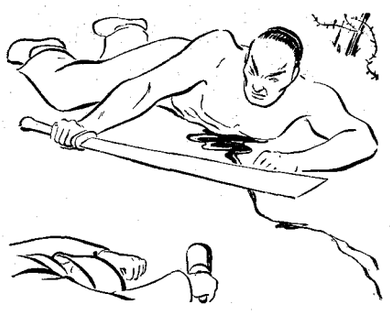
"Needy members . . . must help themselves," he observed. "We must shame them out of getting anything for nothing."

"War" in China

THERE ARE five provinces in North China that Japan hopes to turn into another dominion like "independent" Manchukuo, which is next-door. These five provinces are Chahar and Hopei (bordering on Manchukuo), Suiyan, Shansi, and Shantung. Japanese influence is strongest in Chahar and Hopei, where an autonomous political council has recently become Jap-dominated. The Japanese like to negotiate with such local authorities in preference to dealing with Nanking, the capital; thereby emphasizing the disunion of Mother China. The Hopei-Chahar political council is centered at Peiping.

Hopei province, sometimes spelled Hopeh, where most of the trouble has occurred, holds perhaps 30 million people. It is about the size of Illinois, and has two big cities of over a million: Peiping (until a decade ago capital of China) and Tientsin (an "international" port filled with foreign concessions). Hopei enjoys rich deposits of coal and iron, and is otherwise peasant-agricultural: wheat, corn, vegetables, cotton.

Foreign investments in China are: British, $1,189,000,000; Japanese, $1,-



137,000,000; American, far behind, $240,-000,000.

The Hopei war began on July 7, when petty hostilities broke out between rival Chinese and Japanese garrison troops as the latter maneuvered near Peiping's ancient Marco Polo Bridge. Chinese in occupation composed the 29th Route Army, and numbered close to 100,000 men, considerably out-totalling the scattered Japanese. Local Chinese leaders, however, were divided; some favored war with Japan while others urged compromise with the Nipponese steamroller, which they deemed invincible.

Defeated in two weeks of skirmishing and fighting around the Peiping district, the Chinese infiltrated down toward Jap-held Tientsin, which Nippon had been using as a base of military operations. There they stormed in, butchered a portion of the Japanese garrison, and were bombarded in turn by vengeful Japanese aircraft. The Japanese regained control, and turned their attention to any assistance that might come up to Hopei from the Nanking capital—where Dictator General Chiang Kai-shek holds sway over the central government and its armies.

Since the Boxer Rebellion of 1901, foreign powers have maintained troops in the Peiping-Tientsin region. For America, 500 U. S. marines guard our interests at Peiping, plus 750 U. S. infantry at Tientsin where $25,000,000 in American money is invested.

Japan has pushed into China by steps. In 1894, after defeating China, she annexed island Formosa. In 1905, after beating Russia, she got Manchurian leases, both railway and territorial. In 1910 she formally annexed Korea, having previously set it up as an "independent" kingdom. In 1915 she took a Shantung port from Germany (then in long-term occupation), but returned it to China in 1922 because of international pressure. In 1932 came the final conquest of Manchuria, and in 1933 the occupation of adjoining Jehol in North China. Since that time she has been penetrating the five North China provinces mentioned above.

Huge China has 400 million people and 500 airplanes, many of them old. She has less than 100 tanks and armored-cars. Her smallish navy is obsolescent. Firearms are all sizes, types, and calibers. Little Japan has 280,000 men, with 1,200 planes, to face perhaps a million-and-a-half Chinese. Military leadership on both sides is poor; and the old-fashioned Japanese organization, while efficient, is under-mechanized and out-dated.

Peaceful Switzerland

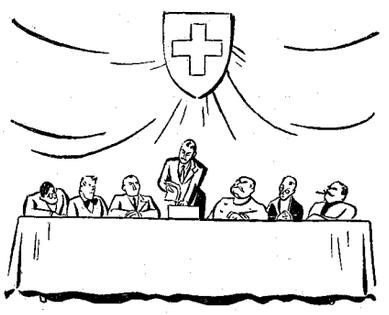
AS SPAIN disgraces herself and China roars easterly, what of peaceful Hans Schweizer on his noble alpine peaks? What is his set-up in the storm and stress of August, 1937? For Swiss Hans does more than yodel along 86th Street, N. Y. C.

America has her Roosevelt and France her Lebrun, but little Switzerland (population 4 million) has a seven-man presidency which functions like twin Roman consuls or the five-man French Directory of 1795-99. This Swiss Federal Council is elected by parliament for three years, each member administering a department. The chairmanship rotates annually.

No chairman can succeed himself in office. Just now it is Italianate Signor Giuseppe Motta, from the Ticino canton, who rather fancies Mussolini. He has been chairman five different times, has ten children of various sorts and sizes, is 65. He looks German. Nearly three-quarters of Switzerland *is* German. The other quarter is mostly French, in small part Italian. There are 22 federal cantons, like the 48 Yankee states.

Other fractions of the Swiss presidency include Herren Minger, Obrecht, Pilet-Golaz, Etter, Meyer. Pilet-Golaz is French; the others are German. Dr. Rudolf Minger is war minister; a rugged farmer, 55, presidency chairman in 1935, he now heads 600,000 trained militia and 500 regulars, with 160 planes and new Swedish Bofors guns. His position is important, for Germany might strike at industrial French Lyons by rushing through flattish northern Switzerland.

Could the Swiss hold on till the French arrived? Perhaps; perhaps not. That is Minger's current responsibility as Colonels Bardi, Jordi, Bircher, and Guisan command the army. Cavalry have been turned



into machine-gunners, with millions of francs spent on underground pillboxes: steel and concrete, blood and sand.

Swiss democracy still functions, however, based on broad national referendums (initiated by any 30,000 voters) and "New England" town-meetings. So it has been since 1291, or earlier. Our own sturdy Pennsylvania Deutsch hailed from hereabouts, and still can speak an approximation of the local Allemanic dialect.

North Irish hosts

GEORGE and Elizabeth, whom many millions call king and queen, visit Northern Ireland and are bombed in Belfast, the capital. They escape by half a mile! It was the first royal visit to Ireland since the bad days after the war. There was rioting, burning, window-breaking. Said a Belfast dispatch: "The welcome to the sovereigns was a remarkable manifestation of Ulster's deep-seated attachment to the crown."

Along the border between British Northern Ireland (or Ulster) and the virtually independent Eire of President De Valera, there was firing or up-blowing of customs huts and bridges—a general bedlam. Northern Ireland has a million people in its six counties, a third of them unhappy Catholic, two-thirds ultra-Protestant, many of them red. It was the Catholic minority there—none too well-treated—that raised the row. Its spearhead is the revolutionary old Irish Republican Army organization.

Some 30,000 boys and girls paraded in Belfast. The king was protected by a column of armored cars. Warships guarded the royal yacht, *Victoria & Albert*. Subse-

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quently the imperial pair, apparently unperturbed, departed for friendlier Scotland across the stormy Irish Sea.

London's *Daily Mirror* asked: "What next? A trip to the borders of Abyssinia? A call on Mister Gandhi? A visit to Peiping?" Northern Ireland, meanwhile, continues to wrangle under its ruddy, chunky premier, ultra-Protestant Viscount James Craigavon.

Palestine postscript

THE Palestine Royal Commission, which investigated and then recommended that the Holy Land be subdivided among Jews, Arabs, and British, has incurred serious opposition here and abroad. Severely horn-rimmed, grim Mr. Jabotinsky, head of London's extreme New Zionists, opposes the division because he thinks the new Jewish state would thrive and wax rich; thus provoking future conquest by the pauper Arab state, covetous and militaristic. To this effect he lobbies with members of Parliament. In Geneva, our own Rabbi Wise thunders.

Meanwhile, in America, N. Y. Senators Copeland and Wagner, Mayor LaGuardia, William Green of the A. F. of L., state governors, Christian clergymen, and even bishops "call upon the British government to fulfill its covenanted pledges to the Jewish people and to the world."

From the other side of the wordy trenches, Arabs, pro-Arabs, anti-Semites, and nazis oppose the partition as unfair to a still virile Islam. Roughly, in Palestine, there are 370,000 Jews and 850,000 Arabs (see July 24 number).

The League of Nations Mandates Commission, without whose permission the British cannot subdivide their 1919 Palestine mandate, held its first session recently. Colonel Ormsby-Gore, colonial secretary, represented the neutral-minded British Government, which supports the principle of triple division. The Colonel favors comprovise, conciliation, coöperation of Jews and Arabs—and is not dogmatic about present provisions of the division-plan.

Palestine Royal Commission and British Government both admit that the partition is far, far off. Meanwhile, a word-war; perhaps, in Palestine, war with more than words.

Generals in mourning

GENERAL Francisco Franco, "Prussian" rebel generalissimo in Spain, has four nephews in the hands of the loyalists: Jose, Luis, Fernando, and Juan Suarez-Avila. All were students at northerly Oviedo, and were arrested by dynamite-armed miners in the Asturias region. Franco's brother Ramon, famed flyer and former Spanish air-attache in Washington, has been killed or captured. Ramon, more than anyone else, overthrew the 1931 monarchy; then he tried to overthrow the 1936 republic.

Gold-spectacled, kindly old Jose Miaja, loyalist generalissimo in Spain, has had worse luck than Franco. His wife, nine children, two sons-in-law, two grandchildren are all in the hands of the rebels—some of them in horrid North African jails. His son was wounded and captured at the battle of Talavera. Miaja himself broke an arm in an auto wreck at the front, but went right on defending Madrid.

Once Generals Franco and Miaja (like Grant and Lee) served together, against the Moors in Africa!

Sacrilege

THESE ARE sad, bad days for architecture, east and west. In Osaka, Japan, the magnificent Temple of Humanity is sold for scrap-iron, wrecked and junked. Symbolically, the iron will be used for new warships. The gently religious temple was sold for $150,000, to a profiteer who outbid 3,000 other like vultures. Current history becomes ironical. What price humanity?

Meanwhile, Venetian thieves steal the entire roof—two tons of lead—from the far-famed local Bridge of Sighs. The bridge connects ducal court and ancient prison, and was put up in 1595. Nobody knew the lead was stolen till rain began to leak in and discommode traffic in tourist Americans, criminal Italians, and ghostly old Venetian Doges.

In passing

SAMUEL S. SUMNER, 95, private to major in Civil War; colonel to major general in Cuban campaign; served in Boxer uprising, and in Philippines, retired as major general thirty years ago.

Henry Sturgis Drinker, 87, railroad engineer, lawyer, president of Lehigh University 1905-20.

Frederick B. Loomis, 63, for twenty years professor of geology at Amherst.

Joseph Lee, 75, admitted to the Massachusetts bar fifty years ago, but chose a social worker's career; known as "the father of the American playground movement."

Walter Goodnow Everett, 76, who taught first Latin and Greek, later theology, finally philosophy at Brown University.

Fernand Maurette, 59, French economist who became assistant director of the International Labor Office at Geneva, Switz.

Clinton L. Bardo, 69, telegrapher to railroad president and shipbuilder.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

SENATOR Bailey (Dem. North Carolina), says the South doesn't approve lynching, but objects to the anti-lynching bill. They don't wish to be tied down in the matter of stringing up.—*Tom Meany in the New York World-Telegram.*

• •

A school opened at Ellison Bay, Wis., will dispense entirely with books. Sometimes we wonder if the U. S. Treasury wouldn't be happier that way.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

• •

There are many people with long memories, but name three who can recall their individual SSA numbers without looking at Uncle Sam's little cards.—*Chicago Tribune.*

• •

Eddie Garr, who has been doing all right, now is sure of making a fortune. He says he has invented some glasses that will make Technicolor films appear black and white.—*John Chapman in the New York Daily News.*

• •

Experts now say babies shouldn't be rocked to sleep on mother's lap. It disturbs the little things so when hot ashes fall on them.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

• •

Thirty thousand persons visited the "degenerate" art exhibition sponsored by the Nazi regime at Munich. The Big Idea was to show what art should not be. But only 10,000 visited the legitimate art show provided for contrast.—*Walter Winchell in the New York Mirror.*

• •

A young lady pulled up to the curb and smiled sweetly when the policeman informed her sternly that she was doing 75 miles an hour. "Isn't that marvelous," said she, "and I am only learning to drive."—*Chicago Tribune.*

• •

Senator Nye charges that the NLRB is partisan. Nonsense. It is eminently fair to both sides provided neither side is an employer.—*H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun.*

• •

"Two-thirds of the farmers," says Secretary Wallace, "producing one-fourth of the crops will produce three-fourths of the children who will be the farmers of the next generation." And they're the ones who'll have to meet nine-tenths of this generation's debts.—*Ted Cook in the New York Mirror.*

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PEOPLE

McGrady: labor pacifier

A STRIKE breaks out in your town. It grows until the whole nation hears about it. Local officials try to settle it and fail. State officials try and fail. So a military-looking man—close-cropped moustache, thinning hair, natty double-breasted suit—leaves Washington, climbs into a plane, and zooms away to pour oil on your troubled industrial waters with most skilful hand.

That will be Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor. He may not settle your strike—but the way to bet is that he will, and that he will leave employees muttering "Good guy," and employers saying "Square shooter." It was something new when McGrady was charged in the Senate the other day with partiality toward the C.I.O.; a charge which he answered by showing his card in the Newspaper Pressmen's Union, affiliate of the A. F. of L. The thing that distinguishes McGrady is his ability to sit comfortably on the fence.

The Administration likes him. Business likes him, considering him forceful but fair—Hugh Johnson, his boss in NRA days, says several corporations have tried to hire him at Hollywood-size salaries as personnel manager. Labor likes him because he has slambanged his way through the ranks as a militant organizer, with several arrests and a kidnapping by vigilantes on his record.

ACME

EDWARD F. McGRADY, union pressman, and most skilful strike mediator

Leaving high school in Boston, McGrady entered a newspaper pressroom and a labor union simultaneously. Climbing the union ladder—president of the Boston local, president of the Boston Central Labor Union, and so on—he ended up as A. F. of L. legislative representative—i.e., lobbyist—at Washington. When Roosevelt was elected, the Federation plugged him for Secretary of Labor. That job went to Miss Perkins, but McGrady got in as Assistant Secretary; some say Secretary-in-fact.

Whalen: hand-shaker, executive

"DOORMAN of the Western Hemisphere," a wit once tagged Grover Aloysius Whalen. As Democratic candidate for mayor of New York this year, as boss of the 1939 World's Fair, this square-jawed namesake of President Cleveland has today a more sober claim to fame. In the one job he must be (and is) popular, suave, a smart manipulator. In the other he must be (and is) a good organizer, a demon for long hours, a top-flight executive.

Politicians and businessmen marked these qualities in Grover in 1917 when he first showed up at New York's City Hall. Starting out as secretary to the late Mayor John F. Hylan, he moved airily and efficiently from bureau to bureau, bounding in 1928 into the office of Police Commissioner. He startled the department by tossing out an ancient brass cuspidor, then assured grizzled subordinates that his was to be no namby-pamby regime by announcing: "There's a lot of law in a nightstick."

Whalen's managerial ability impressed executives. He has been general manager of the New York John Wanamaker store, and of Coty, Inc., and chairman of the board of Schenley Products Company.

His contagious charm and flair for the elegant appealed to Mayor James J. Walker. Presently Grover became chairman of the "Mayor's Committee for the Reception of Distinguished Guests." Month after month he rode down New York bay on a city tug to flash his warm, friendly smile at Lindberghs, Gertrude Ederles, Queen Maries, and other welcome-worthies. Ingeniously he always arranged to meet his guests at noon to whisk them through cheering, luncheon-bound crowds along Broadway. Royal visitors were pleased and touched by the reception. Eight of them inducted Grover into high-sounding foreign orders.

His collection of autographed photographs and thank-you notes will keep growing, for even if the New York electorate rejects Grover Whalen, there will still be the World's Fair—and more reception work.

New Egyptian Pharaoh

SOME 1,500,000 parade-hounds watched King George VI roll by in a gilded coach in his majestic coronation procession. Later 1,499,999 of them scurried home to beer and skittles. But one of them—Prince Farouk of Egypt—went home to an impressive investiture of his own on July 29, his eighteenth birthday.

INTERPHOTO

NEWLY CROWNED Farouk of Egypt —third youngest king in the world

Though King, Farouk goes crownless until his formal February coronation. But he did get the sacred sword of Egypt, a first-rate parade of second-rate troops, and a $500,000 yearly income.

More pro-British, more liberal, and more thoroughly Egyptian than his late father, Farouk can count on national and international support. For although 400 years of foreign rule and domination ends —Turks came first, then in 1882 the British—England will pet Egypt so long as the Nile flows and the Suez Canal is an empire "life line."

Farouk's own "life line" is something of a throw-back. Broad of beam (a bit tubby), he looks like Mohammed Ali the Great whose sword established Egypt's present royal house.

His schooling is distinctly English; his interests, diverse. Digging up ancient ruins, collecting stamps, coins, medals and watches, taking snapshots, fencing, boxing, riding, swimming and tennising—Farouk, a highly eligible bachelor, should make a capable weekend guest.

Like Boris of Bulgaria, he recently took to locomotive engineering. Returning from George's Coronation, Farouk was up in the cab racing through Switzerland. Behind, tagging along in their private car, were the Queen Mother and Farouk's four younger sisters.

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DIGEST PHOTO FROM SOIBELMAN

KILL RATS, swat flies, shun loose women: the philosophy of Chiang Kai-shek, devout Methodist, military master of China's hordes. On his policy rests the fate of the East, peace of the world. Wellesley College trained charming Madame Chiang

CHINA CAESAR

UNDECLARED war between China and Japan! If the Chinese Central Government fights the Japanese aggressor in North China, it will be open war to the finish. This fateful decision lies in the delicate hands of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, prime minister and military dictator of central China. In 1914, war or peace was up to the Kaiser and Czar: white autocrats. In 1937, it is up to a short, nervous Chinaman: a yellow Caesar.

Chiang scarcely looks the part. He has delicate hands, but has handled guns since childhood. He is nervous, but has nerve. He is moody, and yet persevering. He has a scholar's forehead, but a general's genius. His trim little moustache hides an outspoken tongue. His small, keen eyes are large enough to get the long view. In looks he is anything but theatrical; yet today he is playing the most conspicuous role in a great historical drama. Rarely has China pinned so much faith on one single leader.

Chiang is a lot of things to a lot of people. Once liked by Communists, he is now hated. When he was Sun-yat-sen's private secretary in the provisional Canton Republic, Chiang was pro-communist and studied the Red army in Moscow. But in 1927 he turned anti-communist and set up a national government in Nanking. Since then he has "butchered" communists, and alienated extreme nationalists by so far resisting Jap aggression in the north "by yielding to it." He is thus an opportunist. Patiently, he sharpens his weapons for the crucial test against Japan. Like all good generals, Chiang fights to win, not to lose.

The clue to Chiang is his mother. Chiang himself has written: "As a boy she loved me dearly, but her love was more than the love of an average mother; she was a strict disciplinarian." The generalissimo is trying to put some of her principles into practice. With his "New Life" movement he hopes to revive China. The principles of this "New Life" are those of Chiang's mother, Dorothy Dix, the Boy Scouts, and Bruce Barton. Its followers are exhorted to do an assortment of things: exterminate rats, swat flies, shun loose women, sacrifice themselves to the community and nation, stop gossiping—for more than 15 minutes at a time!

But before reforming his country, Chiang reformed himself. He once made $1,000,000 as a Shanghai broker, spent $100,000 of it on his second wedding, and with three concubines and his first wife he enjoyed night-life. Those primrose days are past. Today he is a fireside puritan, spending most of his time near Nanking in a six-room bungalow decorated with ugly German oleographs and Grand Rapids furniture.

His life is spartan: up at 5:30, to bed at 11. This because of ill health: chronic rheumatism, bad teeth, a fractured 12th vertebra. (Sometimes he has to wear a steel corset.) He eats gingerly, neither drinks nor smokes, plays no games and has no hobbies. But he enjoys motoring, mountaineering, war movies, light music and serious reading. And he likes to shoot the rapids on a bamboo raft. On trips he takes a portable victrola along to quiet his nerves.

Chiang is a god-fearing Southern Methodist. He reads his Bible constantly, but never attends church for fear of assassination. Popular he is, but not that popular; for his political methods are lead and silver bullets, force and graft.

Much of Chiang's self-improvement is due to his second wife. She herself is a spotlight figure. That Mrs. Chiang is now in her late thirties and still beautiful is not remarkable. Plenty of Chinese women have also been educated in the Occident. Mrs. Chiang went to a Georgia finishing school (where she picked up an engaging southern accent), later graduated from Wellesley, and was offered a Hollywood contract, which she spurned.

Many wealthy Chinese girls, moreover, have had a yen for Lanvin gowns and Fifth Avenue jewelry, only to revert later to ancient Chinese jades and flowing velvet robes. Many, like Mrs. Chiang, have married their heart's choice against their family's wishes. And plenty of Chinese wives cook and sew for their husbands, and get along with only one personal maid.

But not every Chinese wife is an efficient journalist like Mrs. Chiang. Nor can most of them lull their restless husbands to sleep by playing Bach and Schubert on the piano. This and more Mrs. Chiang can do. As the First Lady of China, she works from a swivel chair, "dictating to the dictator," championing progress, taking as active a part in the making of history as any woman in the world. Today, as head of China's small, but modern air force, she attends Chiang's history-making war councils, dishing out advice and pouring out tea.

Chiang's son (by his first wife) is a thorn in his side. For years young Chiang lived in Moscow, a thorough-going Red, who flatly berated his father for dragging his first wife "by the hair from the second floor," threatening to "throw her out of the house," and driving his patient mother-in-law "to the grave with beatings and insults."

More of a hotspur than young Chiang ever thought of being is the aggressive Japanese Empire. Having seized Manchuria and now North China and continuing to edge their war steadily south toward Nanking itself, Japan is again playing its old role of being the bull in the China shop. Japs disagree with Chiang that "China is capable of setting her own house in order—provided that she is given the chance to work out her destiny uninterrupted and unembarrassed." Today Japan is not only interrupting China's destiny, but also embarrassing her.

—*Julian S. Bach, Jr.*

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Land of Milk and

DIGEST PHOTOS
BY ROBIN CARSON

SWEAT SHOP to swimming hole, and the more abundant life provided them by fond Uncle Sam

A FEW MILES south of where the great Pulaski Skyway vaults the smoking New Jersey dumps and vanishes into the dun mists of the flatlands, where on the highway between New York and Washington there begin to be fields and farms instead of airports and factories, Rex Tugwell set down—before he entered the molasses business—Jersey Homesteads, a 1270-acre coöperative colony and a kind of governmentally financed social experiment.

Jersey Homesteads is a settlement of about one hundred families of Russian and Central European immigrants, garment workers by profession, Zionist and anti-capitalist by inclination and self-education, Jewish by race and faith, and American citizens by naturalization. Their language is Yiddish; that of their children is English. They have invested $500 per family, or about $50,000, in an experiment for which the Resettlement Administration has loaned them $1,800,000 without security other than their good faith, which is abundant.

From my first visit to Jersey Homesteads this spring, I came to know many of the pioneers who had made their second immigration into America from the apartments and tenements of the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Manhattan. I soon learned that they considered their colony linked spiritually with two other economic experiments: Soviet Russia and Palestine. But their children are children of the streets of New York.

The challenge of Jersey Homesteads is in the fact that it is the first balanced triple coöperative, consisting of factory, farm, and store, to be established in the New World. Elsewhere in the United States there are many single or double examples of these three, but only at our Jersey Homesteads can they all be observed functioning together. The members of the colony have felt themselves under the microscope ever since a reporter from a Hearst newspaper in New York was sent through the neighboring locality of Highstown to get signatures for a petition for court injunction against what was called in print "The Raw Deal Commune." The pioneers were lucky enough, after the signatures were collected, to find that their colony was actually on the other side of the county line.

"Are we really going to be tied up with the furniture coöperative of Mrs. Roosevelt?": this has been one of the questions most discussed in the one and two story, highly modernized cinder block houses which the Government rents the pioneers for a maximum monthly payment of $24 on principal plus a small rent. Nothing delicate like this can be discussed before visitors, of course. The colonists fear Republicans as the Roosevelt ancestors must have feared the Iroquois. Besides, they have reason to believe that not all the remaining Republicans have been confined to reservations, for on Saturday and Sunday, when the factory is closed out of respect to the orthodox and progressive rites, the colony is cursed with fact-fanatics.

One stranger was cross-questioning a Russian woman. With a sinister look he inquired: "Have you noticed any dispute among your Russian friends?" The lady, who speaks English better than most, instantly thought she scented a Republican *agent provocateur*. She pretended she could understand nothing, and finally the stranger gave up and went away. As soon

CO-OPERATIVE vegetables from the co-operative store, raw materials for this housewife in Resettlement Administration's showplace, Hightstown, N. J.

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Honey

PROFESSIONAL FARMERS do much of the work in Hightstown's 414 acre farm, which last year showed a profit of $17,000 on potatoes, tomatoes, and apples

as he was gone she sidled up to a government man and asked, in sharpest New Yorkese, "What's that guy after, wanting to know whether I've noticed any Rasputin among my Russian friends?"

The Roosevelt man explained it all afterward in compassionate terms. "It's pretty sad," he said, "the spy complex these people got, and all on account of the countries they come from. Back there in Europe"—he pointed vaguely eastward —"their relatives are being persecuted right now. They have to keep sending them money all the time; that's all they can do. Must be terrible over there," he said, shaking his head, "where everything is saturated in *politics*."

Although Tolstoy can be found on the shelves of many colonists, work on the 414-acre farm has wisely been reserved not for the garment workers themselves, but for seven professional farmers, who work on salary. Yet almost every home has a small garden plot. At first when I searched for a cowbarn or apiary in the land of milk and honey, answers were evasive; then it was admitted finally that the colony had no cows or bees, not yet. All the $50,000 was being put into cutting and pressing machines for the garment factory, and that was all there would be until the second hundred families arrived from New York with their $50,000 to complete the colony. "Cows? Bees? We ain't got time to think of cows and bees, yet; we gotta keep our minds on cloaks, suits, and millinery for awhile."

Louis Cohen, the farm manager, was an assistant prosecuting attorney in Leningrad until he was sentenced to Siberia for three years and expelled from the Russian Communist party on charges of being a Zionist. In spite of his chiefly legal training, supplemented only by a period of teaching Hebrew at Tel-Aviv (for the Communists decided to send him to Palestine instead of Siberia), and a job as press agent to a Jewish theatrical troupe that came here from Zion, Mr. Cohen makes an efficient farm manager. Last year, after paying the salaries of the farmer members of the colony, his acres showed a profit of $17,000.

In the glass-panelled bulletin box at the crossroads in the heart of the colony can be seen several faded leaves, pressed in cotton, mute testimony of the peculiar trials of people who had lived for generations in cities when they first entered New Jersey. A notice tells the story:

THIS IS POISON IVY

The leaves grow 3 at a time, and are *shining* green, sometimes turning red.

There are one or more notches on the sides of most leaves. At the point where the three leaves meet, the stems are *RED*.

POISON IVY creeps along the roadside, climbs on trees, etc. Try to recognize the poisonous plant and avoid contact.

This latter instruction might be clear enough were it not for another placed directly beside it, reading: "Wild cherries or berries may be picked. But danger to trees or bushes must be avoided. *There is an abundance of poison ivy growing about, especially around the berry bushes.*" Even in New Jersey, where life is certainly more abundant, poison ivy grows where the berries are thickest.

Such ikonism as there is about Jersey Homesteads attaches not to Franklin D. Roosevelt, although numerous large photographs of the President are garlanded in a manner peculiarly similar to those of Russian leaders borne in Moscow parades. It is not even Rex Tugwell who is the colony's little father. It is Ben Brown. You cannot understand Jersey Homesteads without knowing Benjamin Brown.

A hard driving, solid salesman, Ben Brown came over here from the town of

TWO AMERICANS who like co-ops and country life. This earnest lad, son of a Hightstown garment-worker family, will have a better chance to be President in his generation because of his cleaner environment

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ESCAPE from crowded workers' quarters helped this couple find new life

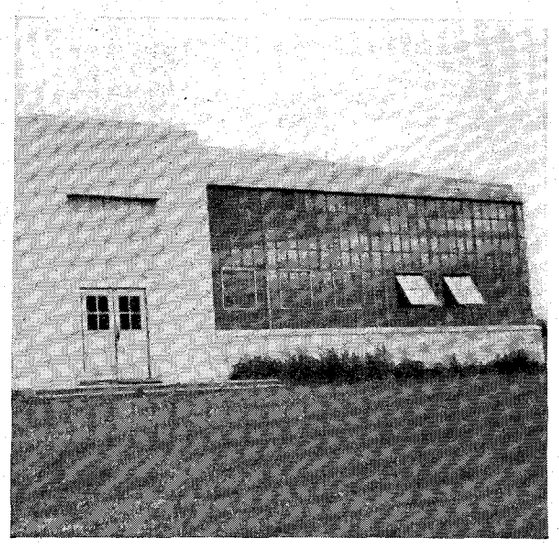
FAMILY life in the colony is happy, with ample provision for ample households. The mother and youngster here show the effects of life in the open, and clean, healthful living conditions, far from noisy streets

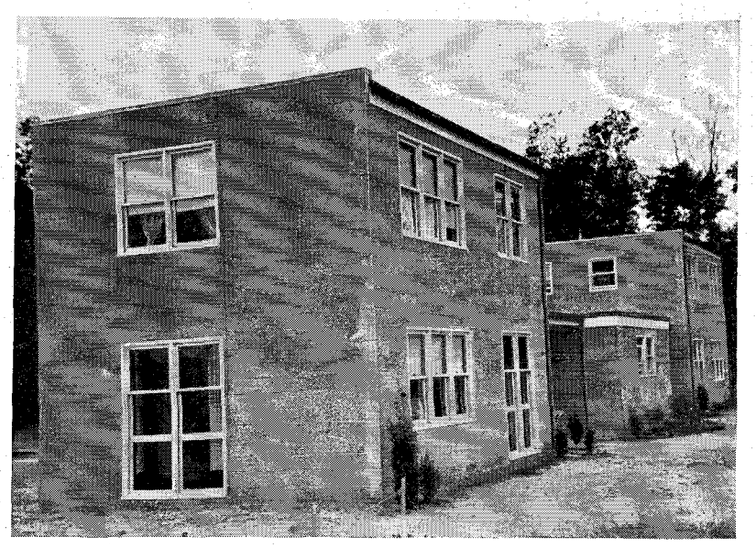
Tulchin in the Ukraine when he was sixteen, in 1901. He has built up a comfortable fortune by harnessing many midwestern and western poultry coöperatives into his own private selling agency for the eastern United States. This he runs, to the tune of a $12,000,000 annual turnover, from an office at 106 Gansevoort Street in the market district of West Side New York.

Summoned back to his motherland in 1928 to organize the federal distribution system in Biro-Bidjian, the Soviet Jewish state, he enlisted on his Russian staff Dr. M. L. Wilson, who is today Tugwell's successor as head of the Resettlement Administration. After a quarrel with the RA this spring, Ben Brown went out and got $50,000 of private capital for the factory's operating expenses. Where this non-governmental money (which gives virtual control over the success of the enterprise) came from, Ben Brown refused to say. The colonists believe he may have put it up himself. Whoever the new investor, he is pretty well set with regard to the $2,000,000 federal investment, for according to the *New York Times:* "Profits from the factory, when payroll, material and other similar costs have been met, will be divided equally between the colonists and their new financial supporter, after the latter has received 17.5 per cent for overhead costs such as sales and managerial salaries."

One soft night in June this year, when grasshoppers were sawing away in the fields, Ben Brown called the colonists together in the silvery modern metal factory which is their blockhouse and explained to them that the return to capitalism was due to "the insincerity of certain officers of the Resettlement Administration." The colonists, however, were quickly assured that their Executive Director and their Chairman of the Board of Sponsors (Ben Brown both) was not deserting them, for Ben Brown revealed that the colony had linked itself with several of the farm coöperatives of which he himself had been for

TYPICAL HOUSE, of 5 or 6 rooms, built of cinder block; oil heat, garage, built-in refrigerator, cost above $5,000, rents for $12 to $18 per month with acre plot. Left, community factory, capacity 350 workers, built at cost of $95,000





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FIRST-BORN at the colony, this youngster stares at his world. On right, the mayor, Phil Goldstein

many years the chief sales agent. Another rock of security, a capitalist one this, was that Ben Brown was owner of a 350-acre private estate close to the colony, which was prospering. Unless Ben Brown sells his own estate, the pioneers will never be left leaderless in the New Jersey wilderness.

"Does anybody remember Rex Tugwell around here?" I asked a bunch of boys about fourteen years old who were bouncing rubber balls on wooden paddles at the cross roads.

"Sure, he used to be boss of the RA, but he got out of that because there was more of a future in the molasses business," one said with a grin.

"And what about Ben Brown?"

"Oh, that's different. Mr. Brown's promoting the sale of everything made in the factory." The boy's expression was very serious. "Mr. Brown's a busy man."

For a while we stood there, watching the shadows of the trees lengthen as the dusk came down. Perhaps the boys were thinking with me how experiments come and go in the United States, the flux between ideals and the realities, the coming and going of the young professors, the coming and remaining of the Ben Browns.

As for the homesteaders themselves, the changes which have brought them back to capitalism after their leaders had taken the government itself away from it, seem to have left them indifferent to further vicissitude. They have to trust Ben Brown just as much today as back in 1932, when he was chairman of the Provisional Committee for Jewish Settlements in America, and Rex Tugwell was not even a brain truster. After all, if the factory fails the colonists' $500 can be salvaged because it has been invested mostly in demountable machinery which stitches and presses just about as well under capitalism as under coöperation. So the colonists remain a little apathetic when Senator Byrd of Virginia, anti-New Deal Democrat, asserts that the houses cost, not $5,000, but $20,000 each and that the whole venture has put the American taxpayer in the red, not for $2,000,000, but for twice that.

The homesteaders still mean to hold to the promise made in their behalf by Rabbi Dr. Jonah B. Wise of New York on Independence Day of last year, that "We will pay back to the Government every red cent of its investment, even if it takes the rest of our lives and the lives of our children." They wonder how long it will take, and even Senator Byrd does not supply them with this figure. If any more private capital has to be drafted, it will take a very long time indeed, for the agreements under which Ben Brown is reported to have borrowed the $50,000 sound disagreeably precise.

Nowadays, therefore, it is not surprising that the homesteaders can so often be found gathered in the top floor room of Britton House where ancient Hebrew is taught. They are usually looking at the map of Palestine, and some are talking wistfully of other Zions over the sea. Are their people happy in the Communist Zion of Biro-Bidjian, where Ben Brown organized a marketing system that works so much better than Hightstown's? Or are they better in the homeland Zion of Palestine? Or is England's new solution of the unfettered Jewish state, a Zion independent of governments, best of all?

—George Weller

"PRODUCTION, co-operation, freedom for every nation, here, there, and everywhere, this is our claim, workers' aim," sing the children at play, their elders at work

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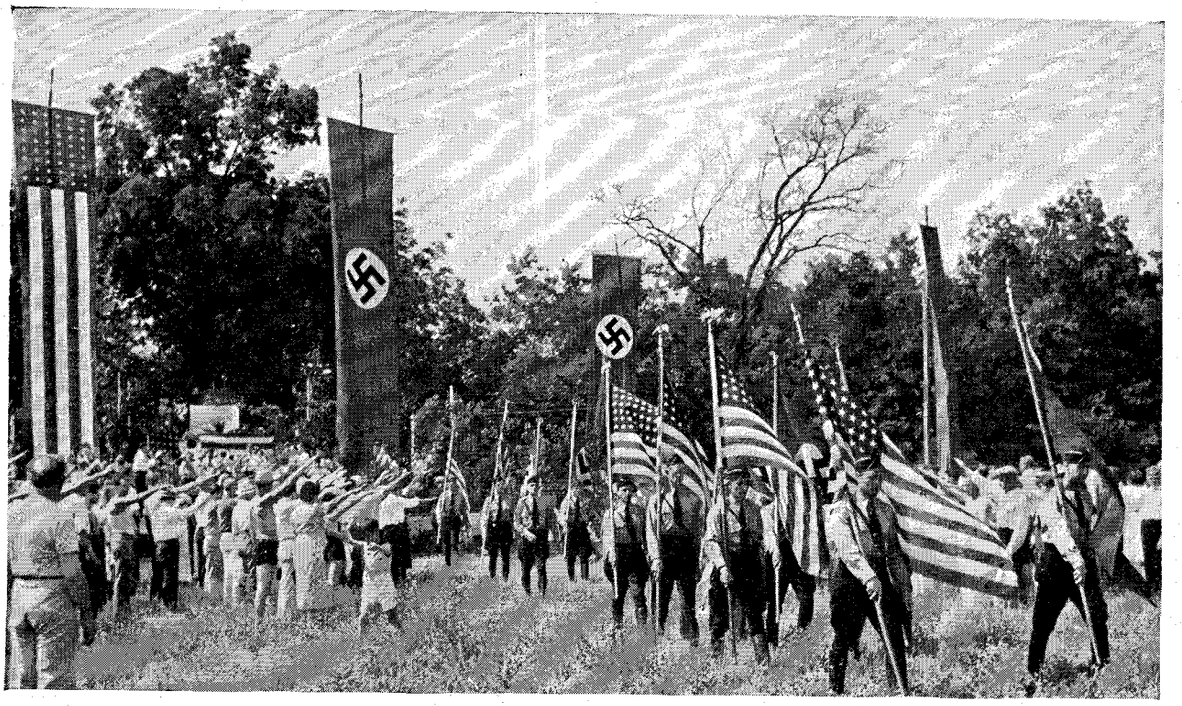
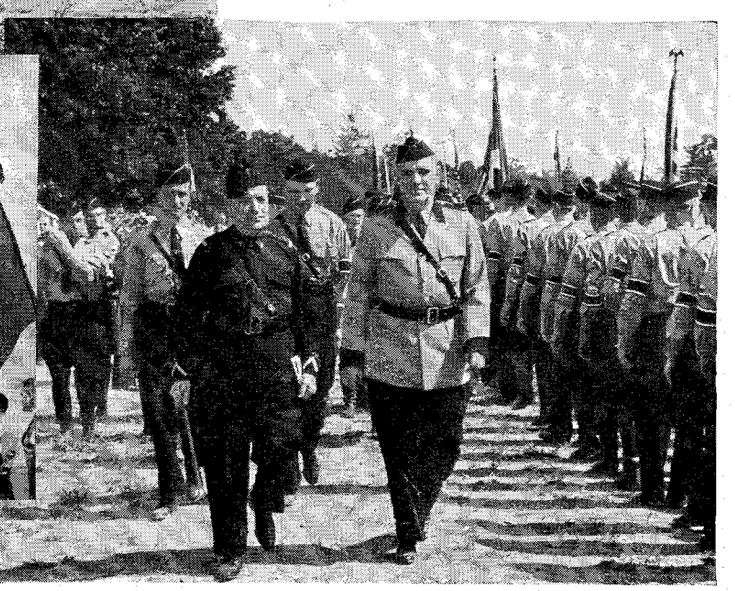


BOOTS, BREECHES, SAM BROWNE BELTS *bring swastika to Camp Nordland,* New Jersey, where the nazi goosestep of the German American Bund brings goose pimples to haters of dictatorships, lovers of American democracy—and communists

AMERICAN FUEHRER Fritz Kuhn, greeted by New Jersey State Senator Dolan



ITALIAN-AMERICAN war veterans join Kuhn's nazis in a fascist jamboree. Right, both leaders inspect ranks

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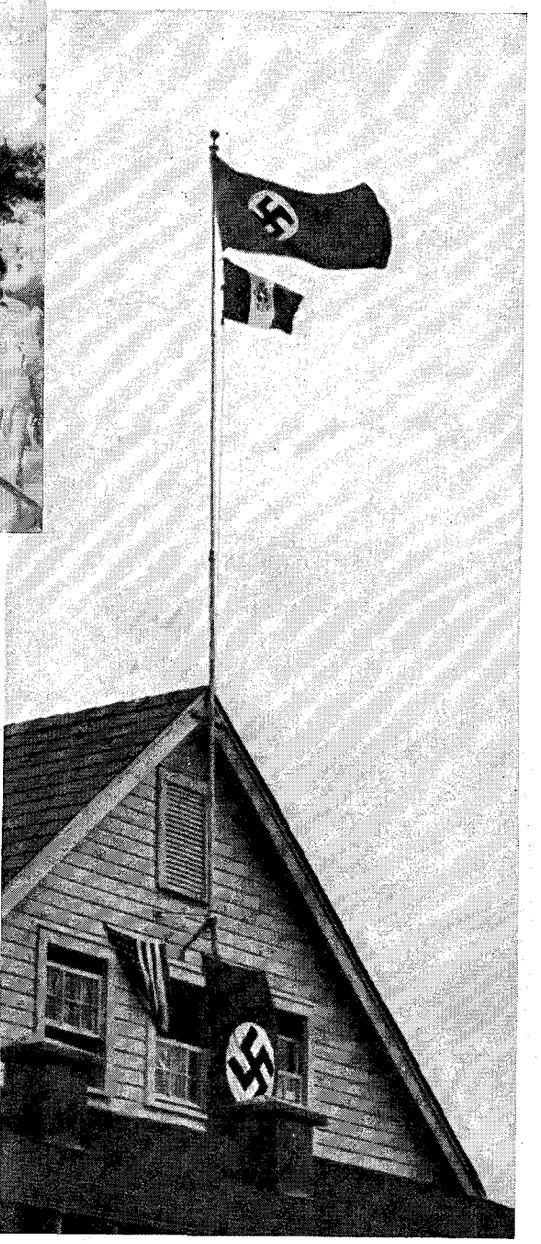
EACH NAIL a contribution; each contribution a bolster to the growing structure of swastikons in the United States



AMERICA'S FLAG trails at Nordland, while German, Italian flags soar

FASCISM IN AMERICA

DIGEST PHOTOS BY ROSS-TEUSCHER FROM EUROPEAN

FASCISM was in a formative state in Germany when the people used to laugh at Adolf Hitler. They don't laugh any more.

Recently the German American Bund opened Camp Nordland at Andover, New Jersey. Amidst much heiling, drinking of imported beer, and assorted flag waving, was celebrated the cementing of the twenty-first link in a chain of camps which has been gradually growing. By car they came and by train, until the countryside was increased by ten thousand inhabitants.

Salvatore Caridi and his troop of blackshirted Italian-American war veterans saw Fritz Kuhn's nazi storm troopers pass in review. Better known of the two, Fritz Kuhn is loud-mouthed, bombastic. In February of 1936 he strongarmed his way into the editorial offices of the Deutscher Weckruf and threw Walter Kappe, then leader, out on his ear. The job has been his since.

The German American Bund claims a membership of 200,000, but half that number seems a safer estimate. Its party journal continues to pour out propaganda distilled from the well known nazi product. Those in the know claim that Kuhn is more than friendly with Hitler, and that nazi money keeps the snow ball of propaganda rolling here in the United States.

To estimate nazi strength in such densely German populated cities as Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Detroit, and St. Louis is difficult. Where German Catholics are prevalent, however, it is weakest, for they are no lovers of Catholic baiter Hitler.

Less publicized is Caridi, but Black Shirts seem strongest in New Jersey at the moment. Until recently they have not been much in the news, but it remains to be seen what effect friendly relationship with Camp Nordland will have on their activities.

Even so, both movements lack nationwide unity, either alone or as a combine.

The south remains ever a question mark. Its hatred of foreigners has kept any European brand of fascism from its soil, but were a southerner, a bigger and louder Huey Long, to play upon their intense nationalist feeling in the right way, almost anything might happen.

In the Rhineland it was big business that put Der Fuehrer in control, though it regrets it now. Could a strong Red scare in this country do the same?

Americans want no foreign carboncopy dictator here. But will we ever get an original American brand of fascism?

AMERICAN DUCE Salvatore Caridi speaks out to 10,000

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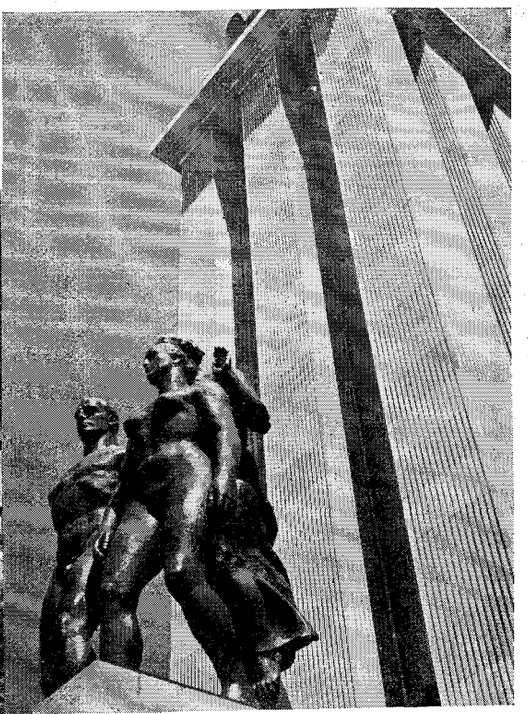
PARIS, PFD.

DOUBLE EMBANKMENTS give Paris a unique river frontage with the city streets along the upper level and cobblestone lovers' lanes along the water's edge



WAR CLOUDS are forgotten as all nations exhibit their artisanship at the Paris Exhibition. Above, the German pavilion

PREFERRED shares in Paris as a travel center are quoted high this summer, as hundreds of thousands visit the exhibition of applied art along the banks of the Seine. It is a vivid demonstration that man is using machines to serve his needs and comforts, rather than, as has been claimed, fast becoming a victim of industrialization. But for Americans in particular the less flaunted charms of the city will stick in the memory. Paris subtleties are in her 13th century streets, her colorful public markets, the curve of an arch. These are the living, moving spectacles that make Paris one of the most beautiful cities every year.

DIGEST PHOTOS FROM BLACK STAR

BIRD LOVERS are frequent among the French and parks are flocked with ever-hungry pigeons

ENCHANTING SIGHT is the massed beauty of the Sunday flower market on the Ile de la Cite

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PROGRESS

A national attempt to fit research to social needs

FROM WASHINGTON, our best planned city, comes a brave attempt to create a base for the supreme task of modern society—the correlating of scientific advance with social progress. The monumental report of the Subcommittee on Technology to the National Resources Committee convincingly shows why planning is in order, but it is hazy on how it is to be done, which is the root of the matter. Men have always desired the ultimate in the good life; but have wrought untold evil by differing on its objectives and the methods by which it should be sought.

Washington itself is a fair example of both the possibilities and difficulties. The capital is miserably located from the standpoints of climate and defense, as the result of a political compromise when the United States was bound to the seaboard. No attempt was made to shift the capital inland even after it had been captured in the War of 1812, although the nation then stretched to the Mississippi. Fortunately, the French engineers who laid it out provided diagonal avenues as well as cross streets and anticipated the requirements of modern traffic with circles at many intersections. But under pressures of immediacy, this excellent plan was later invaded at some points and forgotten at others. Railroads and street cars had to be accommodated. Of late years, Washington has been painfully returning toward the full L'Enfant plan, and at present driving is easier in the capital than in any other large American city.

Driving is only part of the community motor problem. The other is parking, and in that respect Washington is bedlam on wheels. Concentration of public buildings and ease of approach bring into certain areas by motor vast numbers of public servants from outlying districts and suburbs. They must leave their cars somewhere near their offices and let them remain there all day. Nowhere in the government's building program, which has been pushed majestically forward for the past fifteen years, is there decent provision for the parking needs of that mobile city. Basements and roofs might have been adapted for this purpose; large parking lots might have been provided, since expense was not a first consideration. Yet a government which, as this report proves, can consider such minutia as the mote in the electric eye, could not perceive and solve in advance the confusion sure to arise under its very nose as the result of its own stupendous building activities.

HOW THEN can government, which is notoriously slow-witted and slow-moving, anticipate change in time to do anything effective in conditioning society for its impact? That some inventions come into use embarrassingly fast while others lag for lack of funds and expert exploitation, is painfully true. But if government spends public money advancing this one, it may be betting on the wrong horse and cheating its taxpayers. On the other side of the fence, if it retards the common use of another innovation, for what seems to be a good reason at the moment, it takes the risk of injuring posterity for generations. An invention like the Rust cotton-picker, for instance, may seem anti-social today, because of its effect upon employment; but in case of war it would be worth several army corps. Meantime, because of fear of immediate consequences, we are delaying the wide-scale tryout which most agricultural machinery needs before it reaches the point of positive operation in farmer hands. When the cotton picker is urgently needed, it may not be ready for use or have behind it the manufacturing technique to produce in quantity.

IN THE beginning of the Industrial Revolution, while Watt was busy with the steam engine, Adam Smith set down these requirements for prosperity and progress—a steady currency, a fertile soil, an efficient workshop and free trade. A chief result of the changes they set going was a remarkable and unlooked for increase in population. From the time of the first Roman census to the eighteenth century, estimates indicate that the population of the planet stood practically stationary at one billion. Now it is close to two billion, having doubled in less than two centuries. In addition to increasing human life from the quantity standpoint, the conquest of force and space has lifted the qualitative aspects of life even more commandingly. Man works less, produces more, consumes more, rests more, is better educated and enjoys more goods, leisure and opportunities in nearly all parts of the world, and amazingly so in those industrial countries where inventiveness and initiative have had most play and reward.

To this century and a half of scientific, industrial and social progress, the direct contributions of government have been meagre indeed, and through bungling into war it has been at once the great waster of wealth and the great defiler of social life. On the record, it appears painfully unsafe to yield to government control over scientific and industrial progress. Origination and regimentation do not go well together. The state fares better as a conserver than as a promoter. Its correct function is not progress or prosperity, but security. For the sake of advancing this prime interest, there are times and circumstances when deviations must be made from the straight and narrow path of non-interference. But these adventures can be constructive only after ideas and processes have flowered into social and economic significance by affecting large numbers. To take action earlier is to risk blight and waste of mental and material resources of value to future generations.

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BIRTH

THE EXERCISE of control over procreation enables a man to form a union of faithful devotion with the woman of his choice at an earlier age than would otherwise be possible, but it further enables him, throughout the whole of married life, to continue such relationship under circumstances which might otherwise render it injurious or else undesirable to his wife.

There can be no doubt that birth control is not only a precious, but an indispensable instrument in molding the coming man in the measure of our developing ideas. Without it we are powerless in the face of the awful evils which flow from random and reckless reproduction. With it we possess a power so great that some persons have professed to see in it a menace to the propagation of the race, amusing themselves with the idea that if people possess the means to prevent the conception of children they will never have children at all.

It is not necessary to discuss such a grotesque notion seriously. The desire for children is far too deeply rooted in mankind and womankind alike ever to be rooted out. If there are today any persons whose lives have been rendered wretched by large families and the miseries of excessive child-bearing, there are an equal number whose lives are wretched because they have no children at all.

—Havelock Ellis in *Essays in Wartime*

THE PASSION of love is the chief of the baits by which Nature gets her hook in our nose; it is violent and blind, and its shadow is everywhere pain and sorrow. Then reason finds various ways of outwitting nature—ways of securing pleasure, while evading the objects for which the pleasure was designed, of swallowing the bait without the hook. This is, of course, the object of birth-control, which, when practised by married persons, I have been unable to censure, since it seems to be by far the least objectionable means of avoiding an undue excess of births over deaths.

—Dean W. R. Inge

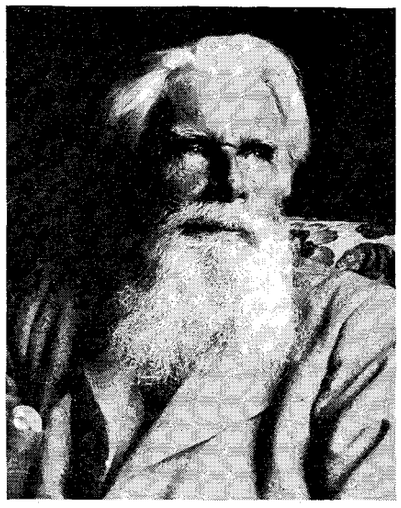
I CAN find nothing in religion contradictory to birth control. I believe Jesus would indorse it and that Jesus understood that man and woman must live together in the most intimate way possible. No personality is destroyed, no person has been conceived or born, no life is involved in this world or the next.

—Rev. H. Adye Prichard

ECONOMIC conditions make birth control imperative for all classes. It is absurd for thinking women to sit silently by while doctors and legislators, priests and preachers, fuss and squabble over a law which has primarily to do with us.

—Mrs. John M. Phillips

IS IT VIRTUE to put into the world children who will be handicapped by pinching poverty or by disease? Is it selfish or unselfish to be the progenitor of a child who will be a perpetual sufferer because of epilepsy, vitiated blood, dire poverty or insanity?



HAVELOCK ELLIS, distinguished author, champion of birth control

Is it noble or ignoble to produce progeny for whom we have no food, no shelter, no welcome?

What of the right of the child *not* to be born?

—Louise Markscheffel in *The Arena*

THE American Medical Association has not taken any attitude on the social side of birth control, such matters as regulation of poverty, family limitation, population growth. That belongs to other branches of knowledge. But the prevention of conception as a regular medical practice—let us say, for example, for a woman with a deformed pelvis or a woman with tuberculosis—that is a scientific question.

What the American Medical Association has decided is to consider the medical aspects of contraception. That would encourage the teaching of facts relating to fertility as well as sterility. It has been my experience that there are just as many persons who want children and are unable to have them as there are persons who want to avoid having them.

—Morris Fishbein

ONE-QUARTER of America's high maternal death rate is due to abortion and will be materially decreased by the extension of reliable contraceptive information by the medical profession. Ninety per cent of abortions occur among married women who already have several children and whose health is undermined. A large percentage of maternal deaths occur in mothers who are poor maternity risks and whose physical condition definitely contradicts pregnancy.

—Eric M. Matsner

ONLY BY adequate effort to save the lives of women and to promote maternal and child health can the community atone for the deaths of a million mothers during the six decades while the Comstock laws were interpreted as preventing birth control even under medical auspices. Those who won the legal fight for birth control must now move fast, and keep moving; for women and children still are needlessly dying. Their lives may be saved if contraceptive facilities become adequately available.

—Margaret Sanger

AN INCREASING number of thoughtful Indians see in the rapid growth of population the cause of the economic and racial decay of India. Some of the most distinguished men in public life are giving their support to the propagation of the knowledge of birth control, which is now widely admitted to be one of the principal solutions for the poverty of the people.

There are, however, a great number of difficulties in introducing modern ideas to people who are thoroughly medieval in outlook and philosophy. Among all classes there is a powerful religious sentiment which causes individuals to regard their lives as unimportant items in the great fabric of past and future, the only justification of which lies in the means they provide for advance toward spiritual perfection. —F. M. de Mello in *Asia*

PRO

Endorsing spread and practice of birth control information

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CONTROL

THE ARTIFICIAL prevention of conception does not in the least control or discipline the sexual feeling itself. It merely frees it from producing its normal results: and it is these very results which have, in the past, so powerfully contributed toward self-discipline and self-control. Remove the proper consequences of sexual intercourse, and a controlling factor of the first importance has been eliminated. We may therefore assume with the utmost confidence that the subjection of men and women to their sensual passions will rapidly increase with the increase in the use of Neo-Malthusian methods.

It will increase, moreover, for this further reason that the prevention of conception causes the sex instinct to concentrate itself, in a most unwholesome and dangerous manner, upon mere, barren pleasure; here we have naked sensuality, stripped of all the nobility, sanctity and responsibility which attach to the normally directed sexual impulse, associated as it is with creation.

—F. W. Foerster in *Marriage and the Sex Problem*

TAKING the facts as they stand it does not seem that women betray a disposition to reproduce at a rate sufficient to maintain a population in existence. To guarantee this result incentives for both sexes are necessary, and it may happen that incentives that would be adequate for women would fail to overcome the opposition of men.

The propagandists of birth control have conveniently shut their eyes to the size of family necessary to maintain a stationary population. While the fashionable family at the moment consists of one, two, or, more rarely, three children, the fact is that population will eventually decline unless there are four or more children to the average family.

—Enid Charles in *The New Republic*

A SPECIOUS humanitarian argument is based on the liberation of suffering women from the burden of excessive child-bearing. The relief in these methods is apparent rather than real. Any immediate alleviation they might afford in some cases is wholly incommensurate with the additional burden of suffering, physical and mental, which they entail. Moreover, the breaking down of the restraints on sexual passion, which have been seen to be involved in these practices, has a special tendency to brutalize the male sex, and to render the man selfish and reckless. Now, the horrors and cruelties arising from this source would be intensely more terrible and destructive to female happiness than the worst sufferings of the most excessive child-bearing.

—Henry C. Day

THE MAN or woman who deliberately avoids marriage and has a heart so cold as to know no passion and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children, is in effect a criminal against the race and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people. If the men of the nation are not anxious to work in many different ways,

POPE PIUS XI, supreme head of the Catholic Church, in opposition

with all their might and strength, and ready and able to fight at need, and anxious to be fathers of families, and if the women do not recognize that the greatest thing for any woman is to be a good wife and mother, why, that nation has cause to be alarmed about its future.

—Theodore Roosevelt

ADVOCATES of birth control profess to aim at quality rather than quantity. Yet, the practice is adopted mainly for the purpose of satisfying material wants and reducing hardships to a minimum. All experience shows that capacity for sacrifice is a necessary condition of achievement. The power to do is conditioned by the power to do without. Husbands and wives who ignore this law gradually diminish their own capacity for endurance and sustained effort, and withhold adequate training in these capacities from their children. Such an environment fosters selfishness, laziness, flabbiness of will, and mediocrity of intellect.

—J. A. Ryan in *Forum*

ON PAGAN and irrational philosophies are based the modern creeds of unlimited sex indulgence, neo-malthusian perversion of nature by positive contraception, sterilization, whether voluntary or compulsory; abortion, therapeutic or whatever form proposed, and other fads which under semblance of promoting health and happiness only succeed in the long run in destroying both. There is no human necessity which can confer on the doctor the right to take life or to prevent it. As a matter of fact no method of artificial contraception is known to medicine which is 100 per cent effective.

—Federation of Catholic Physicians Guilds

ANY USE whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of grave sin.

—Pope Pius XI

FOR THE preservation of the race God has given man the natural faculty of reproducing his kind. The exercise of this faculty for pleasure alone, with the natural result prevented by artificial means, is a perversion of this faculty, and he who does so is as the liar, the glutton and the drunkard.

He misuses a gift of God, he offends against nature, and so performs an act which is condemned by God and by His Church, and which nothing can make right.

This teaching of the Church does not mean, as sometimes those ignorant of the Church's doctrine or hostile to her assert, that Catholics are required to have as many children as they can, nor that husband and wife must, each time they make use of the marital privilege, intend that relationship solely for the purpose of procreation.

—Cardinal Patrick Joseph Hayes

CON

Opposing the encouragement of contraceptive facts and acts

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READING AROUND

The Pleasures of Gas War

by Major W. F. Kernan in Harper's Magazine

IT IS high time that a few cold facts about the military possibilities of poison gas be set forth that the public be disabused of its superstitious terrors.

To begin with, it would be to the highest degree irrational to use lethal gas against a city, and any general who undertook such an operation would be guilty of violating the principle of economy of effort. In the first place, the outlay in chemical munitions and planes to transport them would be enormous. In the second place, the effect achieved, even granting the most fortunate conjunction of circumstances, would be negligible.

Gas, even in its most virulent form, is the most rational as well as the most humane weapon ever employed on the battlefield. It is also—and this should certainly be of interest to the advocates of strict neutrality—the only weapon in the arsenal of Mars which can truly be called "defensive."

The war chemists differ on many things but they all agree that in order to attack a large area with gas the ground must be covered with a toxic cloud whose density approximates 15 grams per square meter. To build up such a cloud with diphosgene would require, for a city like Boston, 3000 bombing planes; and even if so many could be procured—which is extremely doubtful—little would be accomplished in the way of damage except that wrought by shell fragments. Bostonians who went into their homes or offices and closed all doors and windows would be safe enough from the purely chemical elements of the bombardment. At the end of an hour the gas cloud would have disappeared and business or pleasure might be resumed as usual. For 30 minutes is the average open-air "persistency" of chemicals of the diphosgene type.

If he knows his job, a gas-minded general can soon instill a sense of frustration into the most relentless enemy who pins his faith on the traditional tactics of "reeking tube and iron shard."

For of what use are the fire-control instruments of the artillery to observers who cannot see for the bitter tears that halogen brings to the most optimistic eye? Where is the infantry platoon that can deliver accurate fire in a chlorine cloud, the general who can write an understandable field order six hours after having sat in a pool of Lewisite, the telephone operator who can transmit a message correctly with an arsenic molecule in his larnyx? Where is the daredevil cavalry officer who will undertake to lead a column through an area well sprayed with mustard? If you know the answers to these questions you will know that the war chemicals are like a set of fine instruments specially forged for an expert hand. But the purpose of these instruments is not to kill but to paralyze the enemy's power of killing.

While paralyzing the enemy's arms, legs, vocal cords, and trigger fingers and obscuring his vision, the commander of the future will be able to make a fairly accurate estimate of the extent and scope of his own effort. He will not need to tear up a whole county and eviscerate a thousand men in order to take a ridge or hold an escarpment. He can choose a means that is more exactly proportioned to the end in view. For in the war gases he possesses a set of instruments whose tactical impacts can be predetermined. But to make a constant of the act of force, which has always been the most tragic variable in the tragic business of battle, is to secure the re-entry of humanity and reason to war.

That is why poison gas is the most humane of military weapons and at present the most irrationally feared.

Is it a frail barque?—
Richmond Times Dispatch

Tennis Court Curtsey

in Vu, Paris

WHEN the Queen Mother arrived on the last day of the tennis tournament at Wimbledon, the fifteen thousand spectators round the central court stood up like one man, while the players bowed from the court. That is a custom that is always observed.

Around six o'clock Queen Mary arose and the fifteen thousand spectators likewise stood up, as is fitting when Her Majesty leaves the grandstand. But to their surprise Queen Mary sat down again. She had just shifted her position out of the sun. A suppressed chuckle ran round the stands, and a chuckle by fifteen thousand people, even if smothered, makes a lot of noise.

The setting sun reached the Queen and Queen Mary changed her position twice more. Twice again all the trusty fifteen thousand stood up. Finally, when Queen Mary was really leaving at seven o'clock, she smilingly signalled the spectators to keep their seats.

The Unsolid South

by Peter Molyneaux in The Texas Weekly

THE South is going to have much less to say about the affairs of the Democratic Party than it has had in the past. The action of last year's Democratic Convention in abolishing the two-thirds rule took care of that. When the delegates at Philadelphia decided that henceforth the Democratic Party would name candidates for President and Vice President by a bare majority of the votes of a national convention, by that action they turned the management of the affairs of the party over to the big cities and the industrial and mining districts of the country.

I think it is inevitable that this will change the whole character of the Democratic Party. Thirteen States in the northeastern corner of the country, with the assistance of one other big-city State, like California, let us say, can completely control all future Democratic conventions, just as they have controlled all Republican conventions in the past. And the character of the population of those States and their interests are so different from the population and the interests of the South that this cannot fail to have far-reaching consequences.

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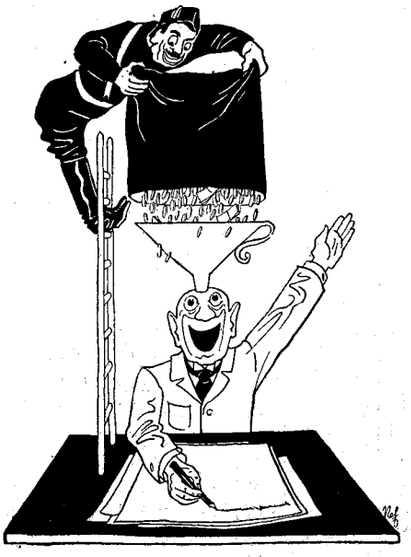
It is necessary only to point out a few fundamental differences in order to make this clear. Let me name the States I mean so that we may be definite. They are New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois Ohio, Michigan, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. These States will have very close to a majority of the votes in any Democratic convention. Let us add California to this list and we have a safe majority of the votes of any such convention included. The first thing to be noted about these fourteen States is that all of the cities of one million or more population are within their borders—all of them. It is to be noted that less than half of the white population of these States is of native parentage. That means that a majority of the white population of those States is either foreign born, or of foreign or mixed parentage. More than 83 per cent of foreign-born citizens or citizens of foreign parentage live in those States.



Italian Press and Propaganda Bureau. Gold goes in, enthusiasm comes out—*Nebelspalter, Zurich*

Now, the question which arises in connection with all this is whether the South, which is predominantly rural and agricultural, having a white population that is more than 94 per cent of native parentage, will continue to vote blindly, election after election, for a political party dominated by the elements I have described, and for candidates and for policies decided upon by these elements. I am not describing something imaginary. This is the real condition. And the South is going to have to face this condition in the next Democratic convention.

I think I should say, in order that I may not be misunderstood, that the question here is not whether the South will ever support the Republican Party. I think the Republican Party is dead. The elements which have gained ascendency or which are gaining ascendency in the States which have always been the backbone of the Republican Party will have nothing to do with that party henceforth.

The question is will the South, election after election, turn in its solid electoral vote to a Democratic Party dominated by the radical elements of the North and East, and dedicated to the furtherance of a program which has for its object the radical modification of our form of government.

Japan Strikes

by C. S. Hsieh in China Weekly Review, Shanghai

IT HAS so frequently occurred as to become almost a rule that when a powerful autocratic regime fails miserably at home and finds itself losing popular support, it prefers a dangerous course to meek abdication of power—namely, a foreign venture.

The Japanese today must have awakened to the painful realization that "Manchukuo" as their emigration ground has been and will be a mere drop in the ocean of their population problem. In regard to raw materials Japan in 1937 is no less "hungry" than she was in 1931. Expectations that the puppet state would absorb a huge volume of Japanese industrial goods have not yet come true.

With the exception of one or two fascist powers Japan can count no real friend among the family of nations. Because of her isolation Japan has irrevocably committed herself to a policy of ever mounting armaments. The fighting services now burden her budget with more than 50% of the total national expenditure of 2.2 billion yens, and still think little of it. The natural corollaries of such a "defence budget" are not far to seek. In proportion to the boom in the arms and munitions industry, the index of commodity prices has soared merrily. To give an example out of many, the shortage in cotton supply has become acute, and its adverse effects on textile manufacture, the mainstay of Japanese industry, is widely complained about. With relative falling-off in industrial production, the adverse balance of trade reaches alarming proportions, to further weaken Japan's credit position abroad.

As for rural districts, to which the Army had promised so many good things at the outbreak of the Manchurian incident, they are expected to bear the ever crushing taxation and to continue to furnish the usual quota of man power. Their relief? Well, it can always wait; it must.

When the economic and financial strain of Japan is considered, it is small wonder

China Clipper.—*Louisville Times*

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that its political pot should have been boiling so hot of late.

Yet the paradox of the Japanese situation is that the more powerful the fascists become, the more are they losing the confidence of the nation. They have had their chance—and ample chance at that—ever since the Manchurian incident, without turning it to good account. Having led the country to a blind alley, they mean to persist in it not because they are ignorant of what they have been doing, but because a retreat would deal a fatal blow to their prestige and position in Japan. And it is this dilemma of greater sense of power on the one hand and of greater consciousness of its failure to carry the country with it on the other which has led many a regime to a foreign venture and ultimate disaster.

Lunch with a Rattlesnake

by Raymond L. Ditmars in The Making of a Scientist

WE were seated on a fallen trunk of cypress, in a litter of live and dead ground palmetto, and, as assistant, I was opening the tomato cans with a jack knife. As I walked around gathering stems and sticks to make a little fire to heat them, I heard a sound like that produced by making a circle of the mouth and drawing in air. It was followed by the sharp buzz of a rattlesnake.

Swinging toward the sound my eyes were riveted upon what was up to that time the most thrilling spectacle of my life. Coiled in an open patch was a diamond-patch rattler, its body a full three inches in diameter and its head as broad as a man's hand. The professor, hearing the sharp sound, came over.

"A beautiful creature!" he exclaimed.

I was between the devil and the deep blue sea. I should have liked to attempt the capture of that rattler, but I knew full well that I would have no place to keep him and that his arrival in the North would be regarded with horror. The professor realized the situation and suggested that we make it a three party group and start our luncheon.

Possibly no stranger outdoor party ever gathered. The rattler's neck was arched and he regarded us intently. The buzz of the rattle was at first incessant. As we consumed the last elongated slice of bread, the buzzing died down and there was no more than an occasional flick of the warning appendage. But there was not a move on the professor's part or mine, but what the broad head, with its gleaming eyes, was directed toward one or the other of us.

The scientist discussed the character of soils and deplored the thought that some day there would be canals dug across the Everglades. He talked at length of cloud classification as I had heard it discussed in lectures at the Museum.

And all this time, the group included a man, a boy, and a big rattlesnake. The latter was the first to leave the party—and it was time we broke up and went to work. The symmetrical coil shifted, then all parts started to move. A six-foot, sage-green body, with chain of diamond markings, straightened and glided toward a low tangle.

"A beautiful creature," reiterated the professor. (Macmillan Co., $2.75)

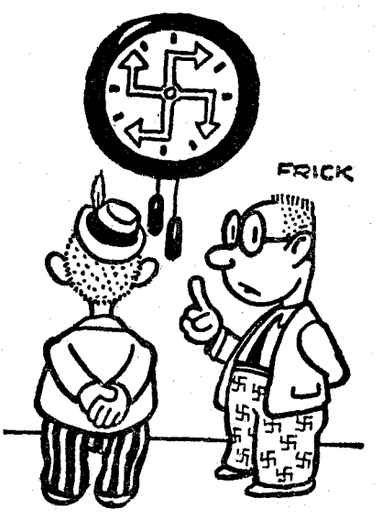
The British Parliament, like the U. S. Congress, demands adjournment—*Glasgow Record*

Phone Book Mysteries

by Marjorie Guerin in Coronet Magazine

AFTER working for the Company that distributes the telephone books in two of the largest cities on the West Coast, I am beginning to believe numerous persons use a telephone book for a safety-deposit box.

There has never been a delivery of phone books, since I have been with the company, which is six years, that we haven't had a report of someone leaving



"This is the new Goering clock. It indicates midday at two o'clock and has a week of four Thursdays."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

money in his phone book. The amount ranges all the way from five to fifty dollars.

Money isn't the only thing that people put in their newfangled safety-deposit box. We have found football tickets, theatre tickets, train tickets, scripts for stories and plays, but so far, some frightened person has always called us, and we have returned the lost articles.

We also find the most amusing, if not almost educational, love letters. These are usually found without the envelope, with no address on them. Always beginning and ending with pet names.

Psychic Inertia

in Science News Letter

THE evening was hot. Fifteen girls were seated about a table copying sentences from books to the accompaniment of the monotonous beat of a metronome. Tick, tick, tick, the seconds were tolled off; one tick a second.

Fourteen of the girls were dressed warmly in smocks over their dresses, a living perspiring demonstration of what a psychologist has termed "psychic inertia." For ten evenings they had sat at their warm tasks. They had been required to wear the smocks despite complaints.

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Now, on the tenth evening, they were told that the smock might come off. But, so strong is the tie that binds us to the familiar, only one girl removed the extra garment.

Psychic inertia, Dr. A. H. Maslow, of Teachers College, Columbia University, the experimenter, tells us, is not at all the same as laziness. In fact, it might almost be thought of as the opposite. Often people will go to a great deal of trouble because of their preference for the familiar.

Used to working with pens, these girls would scorn proffered pencils even though writing on sponge-like mimeograph paper. They would laboriously copy whole sentences because they had been doing so, even though told that single words would serve the required purpose as well.

Ostensibly, they were participating in the measurement of effects of distraction. Hence the noises and frequent changes of work. None of the subjects knew the actual purpose of the experiment.

Striking was the preference for the familiar. Old seats, accustomed kinds of paper, even the presence of the metronome's annoying beat were desired. Familiar pictures were rated more beautiful; familiar names more euphonious.

And the subjects used in this experiment were not old men, not court justices, they were young college students.

Such is psychic inertia.

Queer Wills

in The Commentator

IT ISN'T only relatives against whom spite is vented in wills. Sometimes whole communities have been the object of direct or indirect insults.

Lewis Morris, father of Gouverneur Morris, specified that he wished his son to have a good education but not in Connecticut "lest he should imbibe in his youth that low craft and cunning so incident to the people of that county."

A will recently probated in New York concluded, "I also express the earnest hope that God may take care of Chicago in the future so as to enable it to live down its miserable past and wretched present."

This testator's high opinion of New York City, which he called "the most wonderful city in the world," was apparently not shared by the wealthy Philadelphia cotton broker who left the income of a $120,000 trust fund to his wife, provided she remain in the United States eight months of the year—"and residence in the city of New York shall not be regarded as residing in the United States."

"I must not let this wretched fly trouble the sleep of Peace. I love her so much."—*Humanité, Paris*

Syphilis and the Job

by Thomas Parran, M.D. in The Shadow on the Land

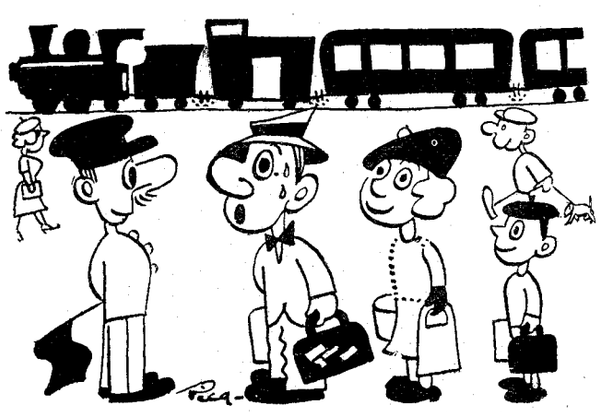
A PERSON with syphilis who does not take treatment is not entitled to much consideration by society. But the patient who does take treatment should not be penalized. There is no danger that he will infect his associates. If employers refuse employment to all persons with syphilis, the sole result of the case finding that we urge as a part of all physical examinations, will be a syphilitic army of the unemployed. There will be an increased effort of those infected to hide their disease, more self-treatment, and a resulting boom in the quack and patent-medicine business.

Employers heretofore have carried the load of syphilis on their pension rolls without knowing it. It will be a great tragedy if now they comb their prospective employees for syphilis and turn away those infected. Among those healthy today there will be a certain number infected this year and next. Even worse is the policy, fortunately not common, of discharging employees who are found to have the disease. Valid exception, of course, can be taken to this general statement if the employee has neuro-syphilis or a damaged heart, and operates machinery which might menace the safety of fellow workmen.

I have given much thought to a sound policy for the government and for industry. And I am convinced that each should not only look for syphilis but should continue to carry its part of the load. Even with our present rate of syphilis, the load will be less if the cases found are treated. Well cared for syphilis, uncomplicated by heart or nervous system involvement, is not a bad risk. Treatment or the lack of it is essential.

Syphilis is now a major hazard to health and efficiency. Efforts to improve industrial hygiene must include more attention to syphilis control among workers. If each industry will take responsibility for knowing its own problem, for seeing that treatment is available, and for continuing to give employment to those who seek a cure, the cost to the industry will be paid promptly in terms of lower compensation and more efficient labor. The employees, their families, and the community will benefit.

The principles and methods are not different from those applied by the community: Find syphilis, treat syphilis, and teach syphilis. (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50)



The 40-hour week. "Touring, cruises, resorts, vacation . . . always leisure, never any rest!"—*Oeuvre, Paris*

Grandpa, the Cut-Throat

by J. P. Cunningham in The Motion Picture Herald

FRANK LLOYD, Paramount director, has just returned to the Hollywood studio from San Francisco, where he has been making notes for his "cavalcade of the west," "Wells Fargo." He was in the curio room of the Wells-Fargo Bank, in 'Frisco, when an austere, well-dressed woman came in. She looked at the stagecoach, nuggets, early mining tools, old prints, messengers' shot-guns and other relics and then pored over a photograph album open under a glass case.

A daguerreotype fascinated her. It depicted a full-bearded man of open countenance and fearless, innocent eyes. With dicky, string-tie and frock-coat he looked the respectable pioneer. "Why, that's grandfather!" she exclaimed. "I could tell his picture anywhere! How wonderful that he should be here!"

She chatted animatedly with the guard, announced she was going to bring in her children to have a look at their great-grandfather and sailed out with the grand air of a matron of the Daughters of the American Revolution, if not of a Back-Bay-Boston Cabot. The guard looked a

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little unhappy, though. He told Director Lloyd he wished she wouldn't come.

"That album," he said, "is the kind Wells-Fargo supplied to every driver, to warn them of the most dangerous road-agents on the Hang-town route. And 'Grandfather,' you might say, was the worst of the lot. There'll be hell popping when they find that out."

Brides Across the Border

in British News Review

As in the Bulgarian Royal Family, throughout the rest of the country sons predominate in large numbers over daughters, the result being that throughout the little kingdom there are more men than women. In Sofia there are 32,000 marriageable young bachelors for whom there are available only 19,000 brides. In other Bulgarian towns the proportion is much the same, but in Yugoslavia, across the frontier, the situation is entirely opposite.

Setting an example in international cooperation, Bulgarian and Yugoslav officials last week decided to send cheap week-end trains from Bulgaria to fairs and dances on the Yugoslav side of the frontier. Filled with males the Bulgarian trains arrived, to find that Yugoslav "female specials" had steamed in a few minutes before. Gratified officials watched the international fraternisation which took place as occupants of both "bridal" trains met, looked for a quick rise in marriage rate.

Through another decree, a new record in military honors was set up as three-weeks-old Crown Prince Simeon was appointed Lieutenant of the Sixth Infantry Regiment and Commander of three others.

"How'd you like to work for me?"—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

How C.I.O. Works

by a Labor Organizer in The Forum Magazine

By trade I am a welder. By my own choosing I am a labor organizer, well established and producing results.

As an organizer I advocate, to men and groups of men, some things that I do not believe myself. I do this not entirely because I lack scruples but rather because the experience I am gaining in the actual combat of life and the philosophies of the men and women who toil in the modern factories I visit will sometime be useful to me and pay me dividends.

In the old days, prospects used to be hard to get, but, since Roosevelt told labor to organize, the thing is amazingly simple and we find difficulty contacting all those eager for organization.

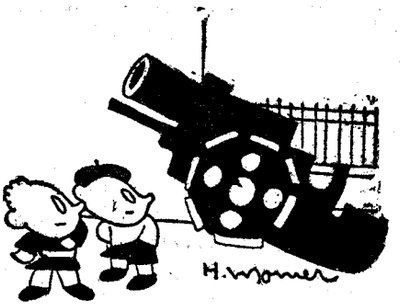
Our tactics thus far have been fairly clean, and, although we have met some opposition, it hasn't been severe. Most of the actual organizing is done by the men employed in the plants—at noon hour, before and after work, and in many cases during working hours. These men get the members, and we collect the money. Of course we suggest subtle means by which they can surround the enemy and bring him back alive, should he prove balky.

For instance, there was a man who drove an electric truck through a plant, carrying stock from one department to another. He was bitterly opposed to our methods and openly defied us. We fixed him in this manner. Everywhere he would go with his truck, he would find a box or a crate barring his way. While he was in the act of dismounting from the truck to move the blockade, a union member would sidle up to him and make this simple statement: "A union man doesn't find things in his way." I will give this fellow credit. He stuck to his guns for a period of better than two weeks but by that time he had moved so many boxes and crates that he was sick of the bargain.

Our methods of selling are trite but apparently as good as ever. We pound home the idea that all capitalists and employers are wolves waiting for the sheep (who are the workers) to come to the pasture (which is the factory). We tell the prospects that as they produce more they should receive more and that all they have been receiving is the bone that is left after the employer has scraped off the juicy meat. We have made a big play for the establishment of equality for the laboring man and have succeeded to a point where employees are almost willing to trade some of their liberty for this so-called equality.

The laxity of credit laws and rules is a big factor in helping us to gain membership, as it is not hard to sell a man or woman the idea of organizing for better wages when he or she has several bill collectors pounding the front and back doors. High-pressure salesmanship and easy credit have done much to burden the workingman; and we use these burdens he carries as selling points for organization to get better wages.

An hour or so of this type of harangue, and we have sold another bill of goods and move on to the next hall, leaving the details of signing applications, arranging for the charter, etc. in the hands of the local. We hold members responsible to our organization and accountable to their own officers, when elected, by the simple means of expelling them if at any time they should fall behind in their dues for a period exceeding three months. We make them repeat a pledge, when initiated, not to do this and that. In return we give them assurance of nothing of a definite nature.



"Is that a cannon?" "No, a machine for washing our honor."—*Oeuvre, Paris*

House for Sale

in The New Yorker

William Gillette, the old-time actor who died several months ago at the age of eighty-three, will probably be remembered chiefly for two things: his creation of the rôle of Sherlock Holmes and his huge stone house at Hadlyme, Connecticut, a somewhat fantastic residence which has, winding through the grounds, a complete and practical miniature railway.

Gillette had an infinite capacity for mechanical satisfaction. Most people know about how he planned his railway line, but it's not so generally known that

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he designed his house, without benefit of architect or draughtsman. He included such features as concealed radiators, doors with wooden locks, no two of which were alike, a conservatory with a real waterfall, and a door that turns into a flight of stairs leading up to a storeroom.

Theoretically, the estate is for sale, but there is going to be a certain amount of trouble in actually disposing of it. There is a passage in Gillette's will which says, "I would consider it more than unfortunate for me—should I find myself doomed, after death, to a continued consciousness of the behavior of mankind on this planet—to discover that my railway line with its bridges, trestles, tunnels through solid rock, and stone culverts and underpasses—that my locomotives and cars, constructed on the safest and most efficient mechanical principles—that these, and many other things of a like nature, should reveal themselves to me as in the possession of some blithering saphead who had no conception of where he is or with what he is surrounded."

Whither England?

by C. M. Franzero in L'Illustrazione Italiana, Milan

THEY talk about the complexity of the European situation. Actually, the essential problem of Europe—the problem of war and peace—is really quite simple, and may be reduced to the question: What will England do? The answer is plain. England should take her stand against bolshevism. Instead, we see a policy of perpetual hesitations, a seesaw of promises which she lacks the courage to keep and tactics that hold Europe over a simmering volcano.

The world has seen in the last few years the stupendous and amazing rise of Fascist Italy, which completed its first imperial war of conquest in seven months; it has seen the rebirth of Germany and the systematic expansion of Japan. We all thought we knew Great Britain; and the Great Britain we knew always drew the sword against any power that menaced her Imperial routes.

Also going places.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

Now we observe an England that backs down at every turn, that implores the League of Nations to fight her battles, that reacts to the Rhine occupation by a questionnaire that the German Government left unanswered, that sees her vast financial interests menaced in Spain without lifting a finger, and, finally, that offers to sell her Chinese coal-mines to a militaristic Japan that has already occupied them.

At present the world says: Britain is rearming, putting all of her immense resources into rearmament. That is true. The State is putting all its determination and its billions into preparations for war. But the Nation, that is, the British people, does it also put its heart into rearmament? The English themselves confess to the contrary. Their hearts are not in it, and that is the real, great difficulty facing England.

When Fascist Italy marched to the conquest of Ethiopia, when Germany reoccupied the Rhineland, Great Britain was materially unprepared for war. But this material unpreparedness was only a good excuse to hide from the world, and, most of all, from herself an unpreparedness much more serious—that of the spirit.

Spiritual unpreparedness was the cause of material unpreparedness. And the former persists even while the latter is being overcome.

A perplexed government and a confused opposition have tried to give the problem a purely material solution. But the rebirth of Great Britain will not be achieved through the huge sums spent on rearmament.

The salvation of England depends not on the number of airplanes and warships her wealth can build, but solely on the rebirth of a national consciousness and of a combative spirit. Without it the British Empire is potentially finished, and the Dominions will either enter a new phase of existence as an independent, English-speaking League of Nations or will pass into the orbit of other Empires.

For more than any other people, the British are deeply and bitterly disillusioned with war.

Fighting for the wheel.—*Columbia Pennsylvania News*

Farewell to Europe

by John Dos Passos in Common Sense

THE PEOPLE of Western Europe are facing this summer a series of tragic dilemmas. Of the hopes that dazzled the last twenty years that some political movement might tend to the betterment of the human lot, little remains above ground but the tattered slogans of the past. These old slogans still have enough magic in them to make them useful to gang leaders with a knack for organizing and a will to power, but their appeal is now of a pie-in-the-sky order and tends to be enforced with the bayonet or, in the case of a friend, with the butt end of a rifle. Out of them is brewing a partisan fanaticism that equals in savagery that of the wars of religion. And the organizers of victory have at hand the greatest arsenal of destructive machinery that's ever been brought together on this planet.

The Atlantic is a good wide ocean. An American in 1937 comes back from Europe with a feeling of happiness, the relief of coming up out into the sunlight from a stifling cellar, that some of his grandfathers must have felt coming home from Europe after the Napoleonic wars, the feeling all the immigrants have had when they first saw the long low coast and the broad bays of the new world. At least we still have alternatives.

Sure, we've got our class war, we've got our giant bureaucratic machines for antihuman power, but I can't help feeling that we are still moving on a slightly divergent track from the European world. Democracy does not lead that way.

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SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

Infantile paralysis fight

WORKERS on poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, are both cheered and disappointed. The summer rise in number of cases is no more than normal, and represents the cheeringly low incidence of an epidemic-free year. Results in basic research, however, are disappointing.

Two vaccines were laboriously developed by researches upon monkeys, and in the last two years were widely administered to children—in hopes of creating immunity to the disease. But these vaccines, at first thought to contain only germs so weakened as to be harmless, have proved dangerous. The germ appears able to spring to new life—and inflict, rather than prevent, infection.

Also, nasal sprays are not coming up to expectations. The poliomyelitis *virus*—or germ beyond the powers of the microscope—probably attacks mainly by way of the olfactory nerves, whence it seeps into the central nervous system, there to do its paralytic evil. The efficacy of nose-sprays in building up a chemical blockade against the virus is now doubtful. John L. Rice, health commissioner of New York City, warns that even with the most promising sprays, germ-resistance lasts only three weeks, and that spraying must be done by well-trained experts.

Inventors of immunity-creating vaccines are now thoughtful about the recent discovery of Wendell M. Stanley of the Rockefeller Institute. Stanley has been able to obtain viruses in the form of chemically pure crystals, and has shown that the thin, glassy crystals of tobacco's mosaic infection—a typical virus disease—are really neither alive nor dead.

Outside living flesh, the virus is no more animate than salt crystals. But once inside their victim—whether tobacco plant or man—these virus molecules leap to vital activity, and propagate gruesomely at the expense of the host. Theoretically, a lone molecule of a virus can bring on an attack of the disease. And so makers of vaccines are wondering how to produce weak, resistance-stimulating varieties out of such strange molecules—which, in the test tube, are not only already "weak" but dead—yet in flesh reproduce swiftly, in too lively fashion.

Nevertheless the problem will be solved. Smallpox, caused by a virus, is preventable by use of a vaccine containing weakened germs. The true vaccine against infantile paralysis is forthcoming, eventually.

Tree of hearts

ONE THOUSAND tons of oil are this year being squeezed from the fruit of 4,000,000 American tung trees—trees that of late are more and more extensively cultivated along the Gulf Coast from Texas to Florida in a belt 100 miles wide. This tree, named for its large, heart-shaped leaves—*tung* is Chinese for *heart*—is gaining an important role in southern agriculture and northern industry. Oil pressed from its nuts makes paints, varnishes, plastics, oilcloth, linoleum.

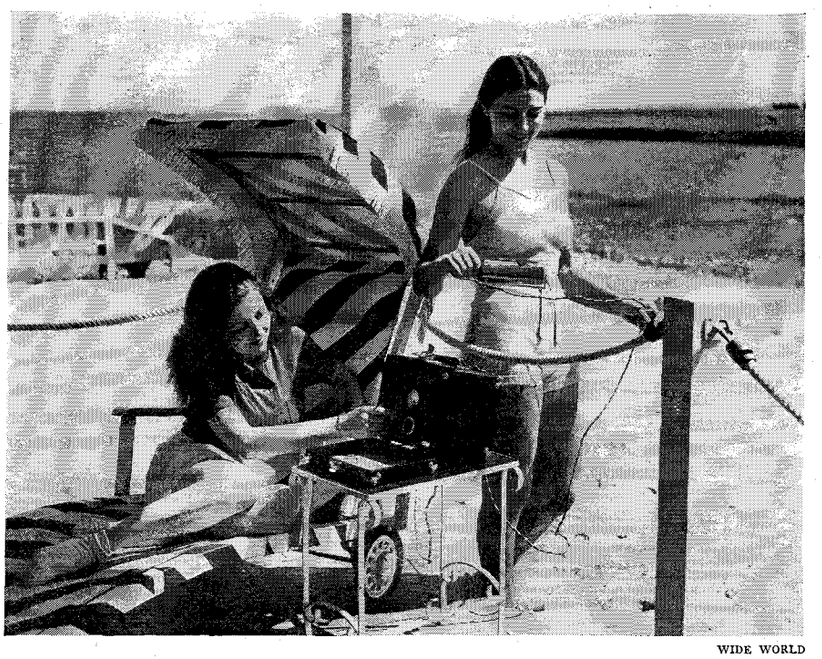
United States manufacturers annually use many millions of pounds of tung-oil, from China almost solely. More than 100,000,000 pounds were imported from Hangkow alone in 1936. They would buy far more, if assured of a constant, high-grade supply. So Japanese adventures and cunning Chinese adulteration (with oils of soybean and peanut) raise our paint cost and focus interest on tung trees.

Slightly productive after five years, maximum-yielding after twenty, the tree of hearts waxes only under lengthy, expensive, scientific care. Thrifty on not less than a 30-inch rainfall, withering under more than a touch of frost, needing well-drained, acid soil, tung trees promise income solely to the happily located, painstaking farmer of the Gulf.

Cooling water

THIS YEAR'S sales of air-conditioning equipment will surpass $80,000,000. And that annual figure probably will be quadrupled within ten years. The least expensive of these air-cooling devices use water in quantity. Installations of 1935 alone require 120,000 gallons of water per minute. Looking ahead, figures for water requirements of air-conditioners become fantastic. Should optimistic calculations become real, there would be "water, water, everywhere [in cooling systems], nor any drop to drink."

Estimates made for several cities indicate that water supplies must be increased by as much as 400 per cent. The suggestion is that a central municipal air-cooling station would reduce the drain by about one-half. Cold water, somewhat below 50 degrees F., would be pumped along heat-insulated pipes to users of the system. Perhaps more hopeful are potential improvements in and cheapening of apparatus utilizing air-cooled condensers similar to those of household electric refrigerators. Many manufactures (tobacco, textiles, lithography) are becoming more and more dependent upon air-conditioning for normal production.



WIDE WORLD

SUNBATHING, too much of it, is bad for you. So General Electric research laboratories have developed this meter. The blonde girl has had too much sun, must seek the shade. The olive-skinned brunette (standing) can have quite a few more ultraviolet rays. The device employs a photo-cell which responds only to the particular band or wave length in the sun's spectrum which causes erythema, or sunburn.

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BUSINESS

More and better pianos

RECENT visitors to Manhattan's bustling Hotel New Yorker were startled by a cacophony of song. From one room blared forth the staccato of jazz; from another, the dulcet tones of a waltz. From every room on the fourth through the ninth floors emanated notes from all sorts of instruments, pipe organs to piccolos, accordions to xylophones.

Apparently it was some monster orchestra whose conductor had left it to its own devices. Actually it was the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the National Association of Music Merchants. Biggest noise came from piano makers, for after more than a decade of depression they are banging their way to a boom.

During 1937 these manufacturers expect to produce 130,000 pianos with a retail value of $60,000,000. In unit volume this is 30 per cent better than last year, six times that of 1932, though it represents only a third of the industry's output in its last peak year—1923.

That year 1923 saw a bumper crop of pianos: 350,000 of them. More than two-thirds were player pianos, which by then had reached their apex of popularity.

THE phonograph, the piano's biggest competitor, then began to step out from under its overhanging horn, to reappear in modern dress. Improved phonographs and records offered faithful reproductions. Later the radio loomed on the horizon, a constantly improving product with increasingly better programs.

Result was that even in 1929 piano sales slithered to 130,000. In 1932 they slumped to an all-time low of 22,000.

Piano men began to take stock. Three facts they realized: 1. The piano of 1905 and the piano of 1932 were essentially the same. 2. Ninety per cent of all piano sales were to parents of school children. 3. They had forgotten to teach the public how to play the piano.

Promptly piano men began a promotion campaign in schools, colleges, fraternal organizations. Schools were encouraged to give courses in piano playing. Contests were sponsored among students. Parents who doubted a child's musical ability were induced to let him be given musical aptitude tests.

As for style, the piano was cut down from an average of 54 inches in height to as low as 34 inches. It was made less awkward; its tonal quality was improved.

The piano industry in America is a century old. Largely it is a family industry, with the third and fourth generations sometimes still in control.

In 1923 there were more than 200 piano companies. Today there are 35. Five of these—Steinway, Winter, Baldwin, Aeolian-American, and Wurlitzer—produce half the industry's output.

To Steinway & Sons falls the twin distinction of being the Rolls Royce and the dean of the industry. Located in New York, it manufactures only grand pianos selling from $885 up. President of the company is Theodore Steinway, III. On his way up is Theodore Steinway, IV.

Winter & Co. can lay claim to the fact that it makes more units than any other company, though it does not lead in dollar volume. It specializes in less expensive pianos, selling from $225 to $975. In 1935, to combat cheap Japanese pianos, it brought out its Piannette (now discontinued) which sold for $99.50.

Baldwin & Co. sells a complete range of pianos from uprights to grands, is noted as being one of the two largest consignment houses in the industry.

Rudolph Wurlitzer, chairman of the company bearing his name, traces his musical forebears back to Andreas Wurlitzer, a lute maker in the seventeenth century, and to Friedrich Wurlitzer, Prussian court pianist in the nineteenth century. His dad formed the present company in Cincinnati in 1856. Today the Wurlitzer Company is the largest musical instrument manufacturer in the country.

Aeolian American Corporation (a consolidation of American Piano Corporation and Aeolian Company) sells a complete line of pianos from uprights to grands, featuring fifteen different name brands including Knabe and Chickering.

PIANO men figure that families buy but one piano in a generation. For this generation they stress two style notes: modernism, and period reproductions. For the ultra in modernistic pianos, Hardman, Peck & Co. produces (in its Miniapiano) an instrument that is transparent, a cellulose acetate composition.

Winter & Co. features a complete line of period reproductions—Chippendale, Duncan Phyfe, Renaissance, and early American—at a moderate price.

Some manufacturers are showing for the first time pianos equipped with an electronic pickup. Brainchild of Benjamin F. Miessner, Milburn, N. J., inventor, the pickup transmits tones from each string (obviating the sounding board) to an amplifier, thus providing as little or as much volume as is desired.

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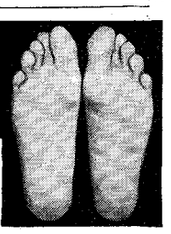
If your feet itch, or if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or breaking out in blisters—it may be "Athlete's Foot." Don't use any half-way measures. Treat this stubborn foot infection with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. It relieves intense itching at once; kills the fungi it comes in contact with, and aids healing of the skin. Accept no substitute for Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. At drug, shoe and dept. stores.
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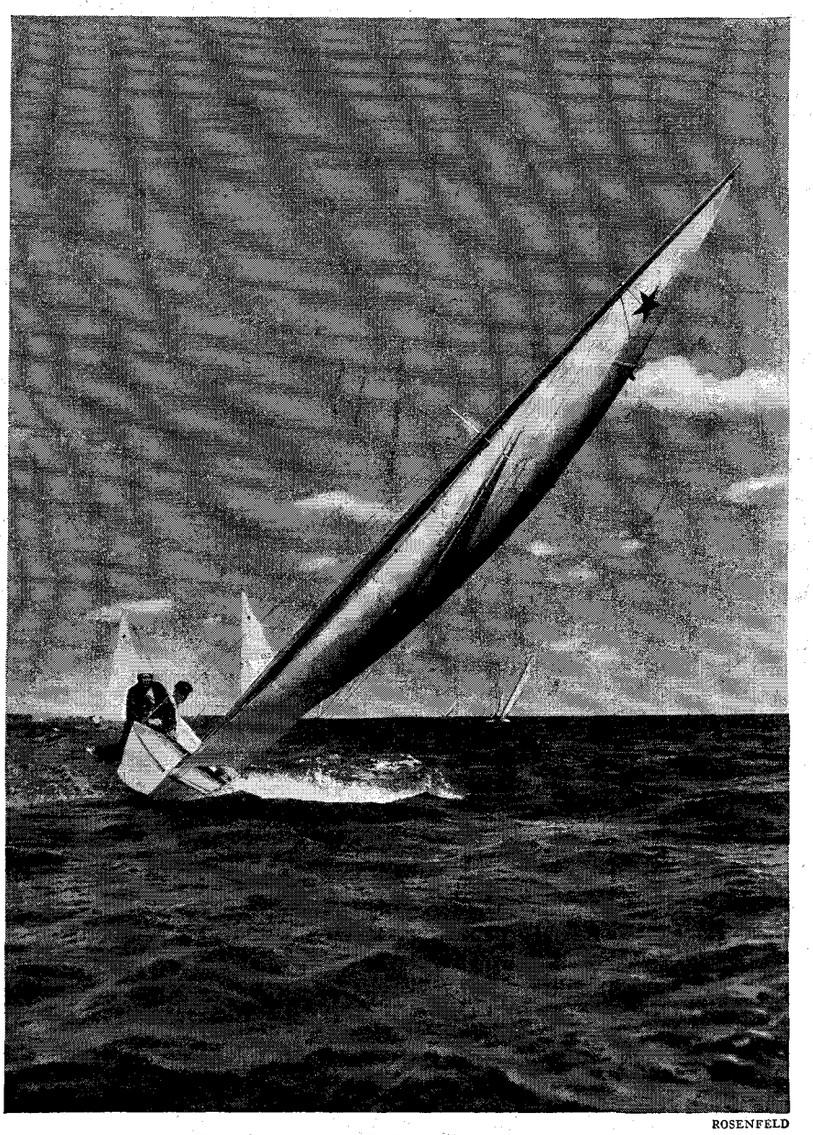

ROSENFELD

YACHTSMAN'S PARADISE—breeze, blue sky, wide expanse of sea. Photo shows a Star Class race in progress

SPORTS

Best of yachting years

A VAST armada of sail and power yachts and commercial vessels of every size and description, has been gathered off Newport, R. I. Aboard them all were as many lovers of clean sport as would be found at an outstanding baseball, tennis, boxing, or polo match ashore.

The contest for the America's Cup, which attracted this vast crowd to that corner of the Atlantic Ocean, nine miles from the Brenton Reef Lightship, momentarily puts all other marine contests in total eclipse. But even before this series of international races was concluded other important yachting events were well under way.

For many years the keenest rivalry has existed between yachtsmen of Boston and western Long Island Sound, particularly manifested in two leading events, so far as the number of craft competing is concerned. These are the Larchmont Yacht Club's annual Race Week and the Marblehead Race Week.

The former, held in July, brought out an all-time Larchmont record of 359 craft crossing the starting line on a single race day, 98 more than the best day of 1936. Marblehead, in more years than one, has sent fleets approximating 300 craft over the line in a single day, and this year every effort will be made to surpass the Larchmont mark.

Marblehead week started August 7 and continues until the 14th. In tonnage the Larchmont fleet surpasses that of Marblehead. Larchmont has its full quota of small craft including Stars, Snipe, and numerous other classes, while the Massachusetts yachtsmen's largest class, numerically, is the Brutal Beasts with their crews of clever and enthusiastic youngsters.

THIS YEAR'S Larchmont total was materially swelled by the new 32s and the International Class, and by noticeable increases in such older classes as the international Stars and Snipe. The Star Class, with active racing fleets in many foreign countries, has a total enrollment in excess of 1,300 boats.

In recent years American yachts have fared well in that hard fought and often trying Fastnet race held in British waters. Among the winners in this contest have been the *Dorade* and *Stormy Weather*, both by Olin Stephens, co-designer of the America's Cup defender *Ranger*. This year, another yacht from the board of the same designer, the *Elizabeth McCaw*, owned by R. J. Reynolds, Jr., crossed the ocean to take part in last week's race under the auspices of the Royal Ocean Racing Club.

Another sizeable and important sectional yacht fixture is the Great South Bay Regatta, which brings together most of the racing craft on that lengthy but relatively shallow sheet of water along the south side of Long Island. This annual event is progressive, in so far as starting points for the various days' events are concerned, with the leading club at each of several ports along the Bay conducting the races for one day each, off its respective club. The total number of starters does not approach that at Larchmont or at Marblehead; nevertheless the keenest competition is afforded in the various classes.

One other event of major importance in the yachting calendar of any year, one that attracts the greatest number of sizeable yachts, is the cruise of the New York Yacht Club. This year the squadron that races under the white-starred-red-cross-on-the-field-of-blue will hold its rendezvous at New London, on August 16. On the following day the first squadron race to Newport takes place, with competition for the Astor Cups scheduled for the following day and the squadron race from Newport to Mattapoisett scheduled for August 19.

Thereafter follow a few innovations, including the club's annual regatta in Buzzards Bay on August 20, and another squadron race from Mattapoisett to Edgartown the next day. A Sunday of rest follows, off that quaint old New England island town. Then come the final port-to-port race back to Newport on Monday, and on the succeeding day the race for the King's Cup off the Summer City by the Sea.

On many other waters throughout the country, notably on the Great Lakes and along the Pacific coast, highly important events are keeping thousands of Corinthians busy, healthy, and happy.

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MOVIES
worth seeing

Topper

THORNE SMITH fans will be delighted to learn that the Culver City studio has again gone stark loony. This is the one about the gay couple who wander about upsetting mortals after they've been killed in a motor accident. Though it will hardly influence cinema history, *Topper* comes off a lot better than *Night Life of the Gods*, MGM's other attempt to plant the novelist's insanity on a screen.

Ghosts are far more amenable to camera tricks, of course, than walking statues. The now-you-see-me-now-you-don't theme is paradise to a photographer. It proves thoroughly disconcerting to Mr. Topper, the timid banker whom the Kerbys propose to liberate from a nagging wife and humdrum career. They disappear suddenly, leaving him chatting at air. The amazement of bystanders is nothing to the clerk's face when Mrs. Kerby, invisible, adds "and me" to Topper's name in the hotel register. The fountain pen that writes by itself, the tire that rolls unassisted out of its case to replace a blow-out, the car that careens hell-bent down a road, spirit-steered—these are Kerby methods of doing Topper a good deed. Putting pep in his life, they figure, will earn a berth within the pearly gates.

This giddy rigmarole is for those who can take their death ribald and their fantasy straight. Constance Bennett and Cary Grant are suitable as Kerbys. But it is Roland Young's show. Between the capricious antics of his abstract companions and the carping of Billie Burke as his wife, his talent for being harassed finds exquisite expression.

The Life of Emile Zola

HISTORY seldom produces a great man whose life unfurls in growing crescendo, beginning with his birth, complete with his death—as though a dramatist had created him to fit the exacting architecture of an exalted play. Emile Zola was such a man. In restraining themselves to his undecked story, the Warner Brothers have made a film of stature. *The Life of Emile Zola* is a moving and mighty drama.

Zola achieved personal success as a novelist. He was at the same time the pivot of events which rocked a nation. The events made him immortal, while he swept them to a profound climax.

Every scene points up the growth of this French writer who fathered the modern realistic novel. Each incident drives toward the Dreyfus Affair which was the fulfillment of his life as it is the fulfillment of the film. Writers and director have weeded out countless events which, though interesting, would have distracted the main theme. They have also simplified the overwhelming confusion of the Dreyfus case.

Zola, besides being one of *the* screen contributions, is as packed with heart-throbs, melodrama and low comedy as the most compelling pot-boiler. The same studio discovered this sure-fire formula when it timidly unleashed *The Story of Louis Pasteur* on what proved to be a ravenous public. It also found out that Paul Muni is an actor.

Muni's work in the title role of *Zola* is so far superior to his interpretation of Pasteur—so superlative in comparison to any one you want to name—that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.

Zola makes his cinema debut as a young man when he and Cezanne share a Left Bank attic and a single pair of pants. It is cold. They have no wood. Then and there Zola decides to burn his books full of tripe by famous authors and write the truth books that are good for something more than fuel. The film proceeds, telegraph style, to give a flash of Zola as a publisher's clerk (he was fired for publishing an inflammatory tract on the firm's pet author); then a glimpse of his experience with the girl whose story later became *Nana;* then his first royalties from *Nana.* There has never been a more touching scene than this.

The writers, Heinz Herald, Geza Herczeg, and Norman Reilly Raine, and William Dieterle, the director, have woven the Dreyfus background into *Zola* with incredible smoothness. It meant consolidating two separate stories, an almost fatal thing to attempt in a movie. This time it clicks. Long before Zola is involved with Dreyfus, the screen exposes the graft and scandal of the French general staff. Reënacted in simple style is Esterhazy's sending of the famous "bordereau" to Col. von Scwatzkoppfen, the document that revealed French military secrets and was later diabolically attributed to Captain Dreyfus.

Zola, finally persuaded to leave the comfort and respectability of his old age, plunges into the battle. First he fights alone. All France, except his friends Georges Clemenceau and Anatole France and his attorney, Maitre Labori, are against him. Then slowly, with Olympian faith and every resource of his life's experience, he mows down the prejudices and the lies. Muni excels even himself.

The one issue of importance which the film omits in its exposé of those trembling French times is the Jewish question. Dreyfus was a Jew, a fact that turned the red coals of army scandal white hot. The religious and racial implications of *L'Affaire Dreyfus* were at least as significant as the military ones.

CHARACTERIZATION portrayed by Paul Muni as Zola, and Vladimir Sokoloff as Cezanne, in the Warner Brothers' *Life of Emile Zola*

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The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Modern Youth—Little Quentin, aged six, was being congratulated by his teacher. "I hear," smiled the teacher, "that you have a new baby brother."

"Not only one," grunted little Quentin. "Two of them!"

"That's wonderful," beamed the teacher. "You must be very proud."

"Aw, what's so hot about it?" growled the six-year old. "We didn't even make the newsreel!"—*Mark Hellinger in New York Mirror.*

K.O.—"Well, Sam, I see you're back for fighting with your wife. Liquor again?"

"No, sah, Jedge, she licked me dis time."—*The Earth Mover.*

Limit—*Hotel Maid* (to new arrival): "The proprietress says, madam, that she will move your dressing-table, alter the position of your bed, let you have another blanket, and provide some wedges for your windows, stop the clock striking on the landing, and give you a separate table at the window—but she says you'll have to take the weather as you find it."—*Louisville Courier.*

In Short—One of the briefer musical criticisms appeared in the local paper: "An amateur string quartet played Brahms here last evening. Brahms lost."—*Detroit News.*

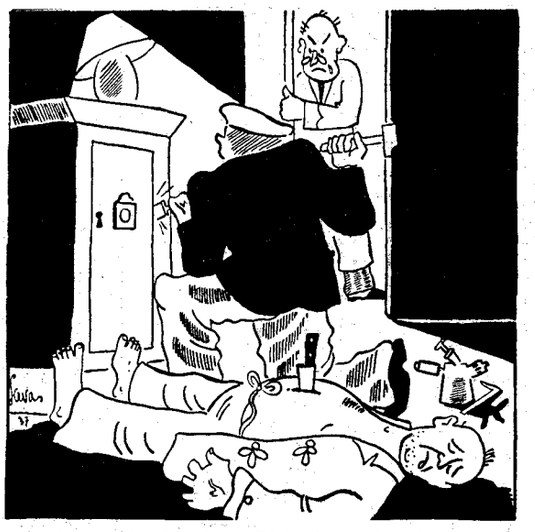
Derisive—"What is a dramatic critic, Dad?"

"A man who gives the best jeers of his life to the theatre."—*Boston Transcript.*

Turkey Trot—"When you asked her to dance did she accept quickly?"

"Did she? Why, she was on my feet in an instant."—*Columbia Jester.*

Christopher Columbus at home.—Wife: "The way you keep breaking eggs and setting them on end we shall eat nothing but omelettes in this house."—*Il Travaso, Rome.*



"I live in the flat above. Unless you stop this noise, I shall call the police."—*Moustique, Charleroi*

Here, Here!—*Mistress:* "You know, I suspect that my husband has a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "Oh, I don't believe it. You are only saying it to make me jealous."—*U. of P. Punch Bowl.*

Reasonable—"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence on you?"

"Yes, your honor, I should like you to have your lunch first."—*Farm & Ranch.*

Excusable—"But this officer says that while you were in a drunken state you tried to climb a lamp-post."

"Yes, I did, your worship, but three crocodiles had been following me about all night, and they were getting on my nerves."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

OR SO THEY SAY—

Philip Gibbs: "Get rid of fear, and I believe the world would be a safer place."

London Spectator: "Luther said what he believed. Hitler believes what he says. Goebbels says what he does not believe. Schacht does not say what he believes."

Mussolini: "War is to man what maternity is to woman."

Theodore Parker: "Democracy means, not 'I am as good as you are,' but 'You are as good as I am.'"

General Mola: "It is in war that a people's soul is forged."

Harold E. Stearns: "There may be, today, more nudity on the stage to shock the young, but there is considerably less dirtiness in their hearts."

Bernard M. Baruch: "The nations of the world are marching again down the same old road that led to 1914."

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How *dare* you say, "I have no opportunity"

—*when men and women, thru the new home-study training, are making records such as these?*

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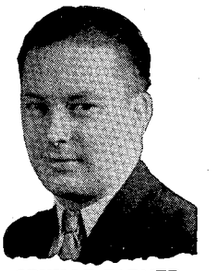
Gets SACCO products on the way to customers for less money . . .

B. J. MERTZ
Not content, he, to remain a teacher at low pay . . .

BERNICE ROACH
No single diploma would satisfy when several would win a bigger success . . .



ORVILLE TARNER
Expectant, he, though enjoying 131% raises already . . .

YOU seek a better opportunity to get ahead in business—and you don't want "promises"; you want a definite program for advancement, backed by positive proof that that program *works!*

Listen, then, to these actual experiences—and when you have heard them, tell us, if you can, how you *dare* to say, "I have no opportunity!"

Earns Raises Totalling 324%

Take the case of C. E. Veth, holding a good job as traffic manager. Many a man would have rested content. Not Veth! Not while it was possible to keep right on moving up in his firm—the Smith Agricultural Chemical Co. of Columbus and Indianapolis. Note what Veth did:

"How," he asked himself, "can I get *more* money? What will *make* me worth more to them? I'm already giving them full value in time and hard work. But if only I could . . ."

And then he saw the way! *He would save them so much money that they could easily give him a fine raise yet still be money ahead!*

So, Mr. Veth watched for ways to do it. He found a few. But his knowledge of the possibilities was limited. At length, a day came when he realized that he needed to *know* more before he could *earn* more. That day he sent us just such a coupon as *you* see on this page!

What happened? In a single year he detected $10,600 worth of mistakes in charges that his LaSalle training enabled him to correct—to *save* for his firm. Yes, he got his raise. And another. And still others. *324% at latest report to us.*

700% Increase in 7 Years

From teacher in a rural Texas school to foundry Office Manager and Acting Secretary *in four years*—at a salary *five times* his former one! And in three years more, B. J. Mertz had become Comptroller and a Director in the Buckeye Union Casualty Co. with *an income 700% greater* than when he mailed the LaSalle coupon. Higher accountancy *training* did it for Mr. Mertz—yes, training plus the *backbone* to get out of an ill-paid rut into the "big time."

Women, Too, Increase Their Success

For instance, Miss Bernice Roach! Already well paid, she nevertheless *doubled* her income, *quickly*—three months after winning her LaSalle diploma and passing her Certified Public Accountant's examination! "A lucky day for me," she says of the day she enrolled for LaSalle accountancy. Yet what she did, others can do—and *are* doing!

Tarner and Griffin Win Advances

Tarner wisely started accountancy training before depression took his job. But he found a new one quickly—*and at 131% more money!* Thanks to training, "I am expecting another substantial increase in the next few months."

Griffin, likewise, trained himself in traffic management after 20 long years as a railroad clerk. Found LaSalle work "fascinating"—*doubled* his salary, became an examiner for the Interstate Commerce Commission.

ARTHUR GRIFFIN
Jolted out of 20 year rut, he became "fascinated by work . . ."

Send for These Free Books

You, too, are eager to get ahead? Then you will find it of vital importance to learn more of the success-methods which Veth, Mertz, Miss Roach, Tarner, Griffin, and many others have employed so profitably.

We have therefore prepared a special 64-page book which outlines these methods in detail. It also points out the big opportunities in the field you are in or wish to enter—shows you how you can fit yourself to *grasp* them!

The coupon brings this book to you without cost or obligation—also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power.

Measure your will to succeed by what you do with this coupon—NOW!

LASALLE EXTENSION adult business training

Tell us which of the following courses of the new home-study training interests you most.

Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Department Executive positions.
Higher Accountancy: Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
Modern Salesmanship: Training for all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
Modern Foremanship.
Industrial Management.
Traffic Management: Training for position as Railroad, Truck or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
Railway Station Management.
Stenotypy.
Law—LL. B. Degree.
Commercial Law.
Expert Bookkeeping.
C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.
Modern Business Correspondence.
Credit and Collection Correspondence.
Business English.
Office Management.
Effective Speaking.
Railway Accounting.
Paper Salesman's Training.

NOTE: If you are undecided as to the field which offers you the largest opportunity, write us a brief outline of your business history and education, and we will gladly advise you without obligating you.

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION
Dept. 852-R Chicago

I would welcome full particulars regarding opportunities in

_____
(State subject in which you are interested)

Please send me your book on the training indicated, outline of the new LaSalle Plan and a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all entirely free.

Name_____
(Please print your name and address)

Present Position_____ Age_____

Address_____

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She spends 1/3 of her life before the sound truck

BARBARA STANWYCK TELLS HOW SHE FOUND LUCKIES GENTLEST ON HER THROAT

"WHEN THE 'TALKIES' came to Hollywood," says Barbara Stanwyck, "my stage experience on Broadway gave me my chance in pictures. Taking care of my voice became serious business with me. I decided to treat my throat well, so I changed to Luckies, a light smoke. They made a big hit with my throat."

Consider what Barbara Stanwyck says. Then ask yourself "Shouldn't Luckies be best for my throat?" Your answer would be "Yes!" if you could see yourself how the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco!

Enjoy the finer taste of Center-Leaf Tobaccos —"The Cream of the Crop"

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